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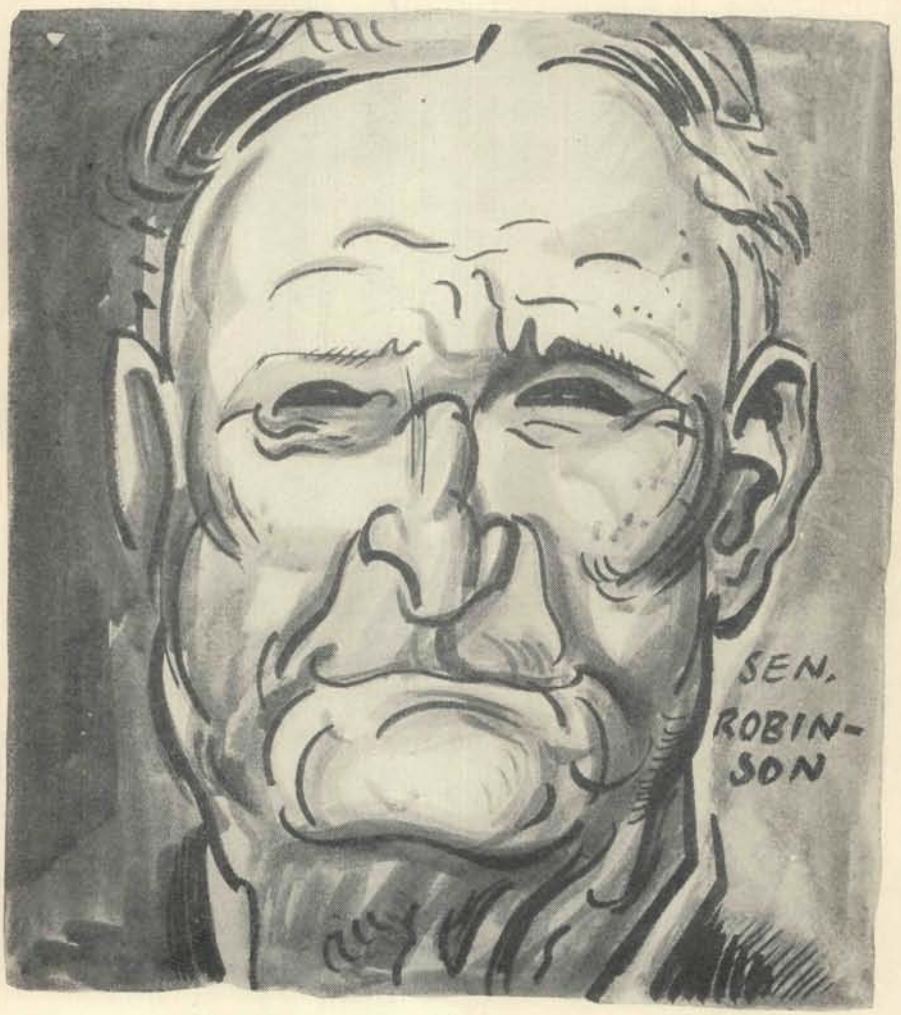
and Independent



Mighty Like a Giant

A Portrait of the Senate's Democratic Whip

The Anatomy of Ballyhoo

A New Type of Magazine — Smutty or Smart?

January 6, 1932

15 Cents

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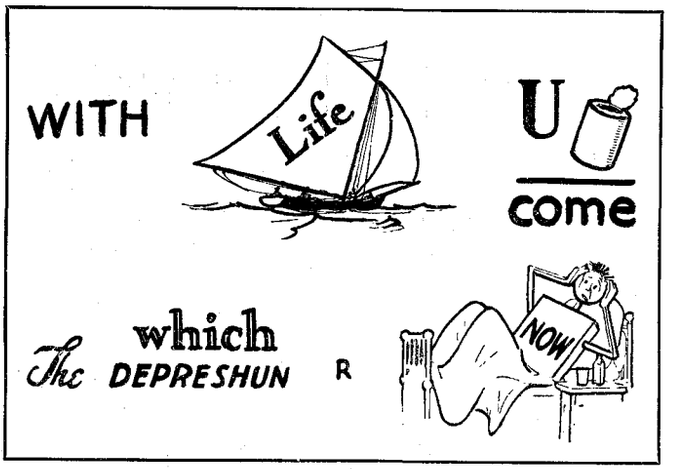

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Here a wee note of warning: Be sure that *you*, for your part, secure unto yourself assurance that you and The Editor of Life *will* meet face to face in the large-sized monthly magazine each time it appears. Perhaps a couple of your friends ought to have this assurance, too. Observe the convenient arrangement printed in the coupon below.

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OUTLOOK
and Independent

VOL. 160—No. 1

JANUARY 6, 1932

"Aggressive fighting for the right is the noblest sport the world affords."
—Theodore Roosevelt

WITH OUR READERS

Mayor Walker's Plea

To the Editor: *Chicago, Ill.*

SIR—In your issue of December 16th you give quite a little space to an item, "Mayor Walker's Plea," this having to do with his leaving New York and going to San Francisco to attempt to get Tom Mooney out of prison. In this article you state that Mayor Walker "made a highly sentimental but obviously *sincere* plea for a pardon."

People to whom I have talked regard his trip to San Francisco as merely one for political purposes. Leaving New York when the affairs of that city are under investigation and when there are hundreds of thousands of people out of jobs, some of them suffering, it does not ring true for Mayor Walker to go all the way across the country in an attempt to get Mr. Mooney out of prison, after what apparently was a fair trial and a number of fair rehearings.

I don't like to see the OUTLOOK, which I have read for a long time, give the stamp of sincerity to Mr. Walker's recent trip. F. B. ERNST.

Tom Mooney's Letter

To the Editor: *Shaw, Miss.*

SIR—"Is it easy to believe that the man who wrote this letter placed a bomb at the corner of Steuart and Market Streets, San Francisco, on July 22, 1916?"—The OUTLOOK's comment on a letter from Tom Mooney to the Governor of California.

The OUTLOOK's naivete is somewhat amusing. Surely the OUTLOOK knows that guilty persons assert that they are innocent. Isn't it possible that Mooney's bombastic letter was inspired or written by Walsh or Sapiro or even the angelic secretary of the American Civil Liberties Union? Does Mooney's life record confirm his assertion that he has always been a faithful and law-abiding citizen?

If the OUTLOOK is determined to continue to aid and abet the fight for Mooney, shouldn't the OUTLOOK, to be sporting about it, give a reasonable amount of space to California's side of the matter? After all it's California's case.

FRANK HOUGH.

Wine or Grape Juice?

To the Editor: *Los Angeles*

SIR—California wine bricks may be sold with good intentions, but the fact remains that they are bought with bad intentions. The sellers say that if you add one-tenth of one per cent of benzoate to a gallon of grape juice it will keep it from turning into wine. (A wine brick and a gallon of water make a gallon of grape juice.) But the sellers are very careful not to put this benzoate into the wine bricks before they sell them. Could you guess why? Leaving it to the customer only adds another burden. He must either chase around to a drug store and—and if he doesn't, then what? His grape juice will turn into wine.

It should be distinctly understood that California grape juice is nothing more than California wine bricks which are put up in cartons two-thirds the length of a pound of butter. California prohibitionists always delight in using the term "grape juice" as striking a more sympathetic chord with prohibitionists elsewhere, but wets everywhere should always say "wine bricks," which they are. Many of the chain stores in Los Angeles have been handling these wine bricks freely, and with the blessing of Mabel Willebrandt they have driven many people to drink.

Mr. Hoover and his Farm Board, which aid these wine brick producers with your money and mine, claim that their intentions are good. That may be so, but if people with bad intentions look upon the wine when it is red, they may also find that "hell is paved with good intentions." Unless these semi-prohibitionists put into each brick that one-tenth of one per cent of benzoate, their good intentions are not worth a tinker's damn. T. B. DOWDEN.

Voluntary Kidnapping

To the Editor: *Los Angeles*

SIR—May I register with you my sincere approval of your sports department for its treatment of the Hawkins "voluntary" kidnapping by the coaches of the University of Southern California?

It shows (this academic felony) better than the "Legs" Diamond affair how thoroughly our nation accepts the ethics of the gangster and racketeer. The "voluntary" nature of the kidnapping is intriguing. The actual abduction was performed by two *armed* operatives from Pyle's Detective Agency, Los Angeles. The admitted "inducement" was a threat to ruin the young man and to drive him out of this swell Nordic pueblo! The period of detention, during which Hawkins was held strictly incommunicado by the two armed men, was a week.

J. L. WILSON.

Bouquet

To the Editor: *Rodeo, Calif.*

SIR—In the OUTLOOK of November 25 I was much surprised to read an abusive tirade by one R. E. J. Rowe against your excellent magazine. It is really sad that there is an occasional individual who does not believe any one should have opinions that differ from his own. I have read the OUTLOOK for many years and often find articles therein with which I do not agree. However, I should consider myself narrow-minded to the last degree if I should stoop so low as to abuse the editor just because he was independent enough to print facts as he saw them.

Cheer up, there are many thousands who believe you are right and because of that belief it does not imply that they all wear a number five hat. We in the West are for you as long as you fearlessly print the truth as millions see it, and it is not unlikely that time will bring about a change in Mr. Rowe in that he will concede the right of others to opinions different from his own. J. D. WILLIAMS.

Social Note

To the Editor: *Stockton, Calif.*

SIR—Page 457, issue of Dec. 9th, your "Message to Mr. Hoover." The public well knows that you have no respect for Mr. Hoover. Why not show a little respect for the public by ceasing your senseless criticisms of that gentleman, for he is a gentleman, and that is more than can be said for you. If you cannot respect Mr. Hoover, at least show a little respect for the dignity of the office he holds and stop this dirty, mud-slinging program of yours. Such journalism is a disgrace to our country.

CHAS. F. HAWK.

A Pat and a Dig

To the Editor: *Philadelphia, Pa.*

SIR—Congratulations on your article on Culbertson, the bridge expert.

In your sane moments, when not under the delirium of anti-prohibition, you turn out most interesting stuff. WILL H. JOHNSTON.

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By Henry F. Pringle

A portrait of Woodrow Wilson's Secretary of War, who is looming larger as a contestant with Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt of New York for the Democratic Presidential nomination.

The Rising Cost of Medical Care
By Paul L. Benjamin

Illness is becoming more costly than the most extravagant luxury. A discussion of one of the day's pressing problems.

Piety Wins in Negro Schools
By George Raffalovich

A former teacher in a college for colored students tells of the overvaluation of righteousness and the undervaluation of knowledge.

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THE SPHINX

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OUTLOOK
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The Trend of the Week

Bowl of Cherries

MAYBE the two-dollar bill isn't unlucky after all. Word comes from Washington that on June 30 only $52,637,750 of the bill was in circulation, representing 0.97 per cent of all paper money, against $58,801,466, or 1.22 per cent, the year before, and $62,320,230, which was also 1.22 per cent of the total, in 1929. Hence, while the paper money in circulation amounted to only $4,820,000,000 in 1930 and $5,100,000,000 in 1929, it amounts to $5,420,000,000 in 1931. So, according to the two-dollar bill, we have more money now than we had in 1929, even. There can't be any depression, really. We just must have imagined it. And

> Life is just a bowl of cherries,
> So live and laugh at it all.

For the Lonely

IN THE MIDST of present-day riveting and rackets, Congresswomen and electrically lighted toy garages, one old-fashioned thing—the matrimonial bureau—remains virtually unchanged. A survey recently made in Chicago showed scant evidence that these bureaus are used to promote immorality. True, now and again there is a serious scandal in matrimonial bureau history, but in general the business of the bureaus appears to be nothing more or less than the promotion of matrimony. Last year 100,000 women sought husbands through the hundred or more clubs and bureaus in the United States.

This means that last year thousands of lonely women tore out and, in good faith, answered small advertisements in popular, low-grade magazines inviting them to join clubs and get husbands. From some two thousand personal descriptions accompanying such applications, the Chicago survey evolved a portrait of the typical husband-seeker. She averages 18 years (this, remember, is her own description), weighs from 126 to 130 pounds, is 5 feet 4 inches tall, has medium-brown hair and blue eyes. She has not completed her education. She likes to keep house, is a good cook and loves home and children. As a rule she plays the piano, dances and sings.

There she is. The survey does not go on to say what her chances are of getting a husband. Because she is lonely and because she retains old-fashioned trustfulness in a risky world, one hopes that they are good. Indeed, one goes further and wishes her not only a husband but a husband good enough to think that she plays the piano well.

Vicious Circle

NOW COMES the news that the value of American exports for the first nine months of 1931 was approximately a billion dollars less than for the corresponding period of 1930. Comes too the familiar and unconvincing cry that the responsibility must be placed on the depression alone. As a matter of fact, if the principal culprit is the depression, it has been materially aided and abetted. The latest evidence of the fact appears in word from Madrid that Spain has just raised her tariff walls to the skies, so high as practically to exclude important American exports like automobiles, electrical goods and telephone equipment.

Traced back, Spain's action leads to the madness at Washington embodied in our Hawley-Smoot tariff law of 1930. This measure increased our rates on 65 per cent of Spain's exports to the United States. Spain, having protested without success, raised her own tariffs that summer, particularly those on American exports. So did other countries hit by our tariffs, notably France and Italy. Then so did still others—for example, Canada, Australia and Argentina, each forcing others to raise their tariffs in retaliation until finally even free-trade Britain erected walls of her own. And that is the way the vicious circle has gone.

Each reprisal, whatever its direct or indirect motive, has been a blow at American trade. Each new one will be another, until finally the nations, particularly the United States, regain their scattered senses.

Opera from Loudspeakers

THANKS to a crab-shaped microphone suspended above the orchestra pit of the Metropolitan Opera House, American music-lovers are regarding their radio sets with new interest. On Christmas afternoon, for the first time, a full opera —Humperdinck's *Hansel und Gretel*— was broadcast to the wide world from the Metropolitan stage. Japan and other Oriental countries heard it; so did certain cities in Europe. Millions of Americans heard it and testified by telephone calls, telegrams and letters that they enjoyed it and want to hear more.

Many of them probably wondered, as the rich voices and delightful music were carried without distortion into their living-rooms, why the Metropolitan did not start broadcasting long ago. There are

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"CHICK"

several reasons. In the first place, what microphone could cover the vast stage and the orchestra pit simultaneously and do justice to both? The answer is the crab-shaped contrivance aforesaid, which has been in general radio use only about a year, which moves on a swivel and picks up sound as a searchlight reflects light. Then, how were listeners to follow the story and get the feeling of what was happening on the stage? The answer is Mr. Deems Taylor, the composer, who used the intermissions for narration and inserted some comment during the performance.

These problems answered, Mr. Gatti-Casazza, manager of the Metropolitan, and the National Broadcasting Company, will let others answer themselves. It is possible, as has been suggested, that, once people are able to hear fine opera perfectly at home, they will neglect the Metropolitan box-office. It is possible, too, that the radio-buying public is insufficiently interested in grand opera to justify the broadcasting company's expense. Time will tell. Meantime listeners may settle down to a happy new year, with special holiday opera broadcasts and a regular series of Saturday afternoon broadcasts thereafter. We believe that both opera company and broadcasting company will benefit—the former by creating a wider taste for opera, the latter by reviving the respect of thousands of bored and disgruntled citizens whose radios have lately been silent.

▶▶*Meehan at Manhattan*

HAVING HIRED John F. ("Chick") Meehan as football coach, Manhattan College will presumably know how to proceed. The best way is as follows:

Give him a fine fat salary. Cooperate with him in a high-pressure athletic policy devoted to bigger centers and gate-receipts. Stick with him as he recruits the best material from the mountains of Pennsylvania and the hills of Massachusetts. Make things reasonably attractive for the best material when it appears. Sit tight as the team attracts more and more attention, as the games are moved from little field to big stadium, as the gate-receipts jump from four to six figures. Plow earnings back into the team and sport a band with colorful uniforms. Take on such gridiron Goliaths as Nebraska, Georgia, Carnegie Tech and Oregon in place of little St. Stephen's, Rensselaer and Rochester, thereby winning the favor of alumni, tripling the college's endowment and adding 19,000 to the enrolment. Enjoy everything that goes with "big-time" football for years—and then, on the heels of a feeble student protest against him, let Mr. Meehan go. Then the president of the college can make a long, inconsistent statement implying that Mr. Meehan must go because of his football policy though admitting that the policy was shaped by the faculty. Also praising Mr. Meehan to the skies though implying that his régimé was one of organized recruiting, subsidizing and whatnot.

That method of procedure worked fine at New York University. Why shouldn't it work again?

▶▶*Flavor of the Week*

SENATOR MCKELLAR, Tennessee Democrat, tells the Senate he expects Franklin Roosevelt to be the next President and "Granddaddy" Hoover is photographed shopping for toys in the five-and-ten. W. O. O'Neil, president of the General Tire and Rubber Company, says business conditions will improve in 1932 and tests at Barnard College for women show that today's freshmen are taller and stronger than those of ten years ago. Reports say that Mayor Walker of New York will be invited to arbitrate between political factions in Cuba, President Machado of Cuba announces that he will abandon his reform program and stay in office until 1935, Mayor Walker's prospects for becoming a United States Senator are declared slim and an independent campaign is launched in New York City to oust Tammany in 1933. Ely Culbertson apologizes for wearing a Christmas-gift tie to the bridge match. The roof of a wing of the Vatican Library collapses and prison officials discount reports that a prisoner built a glider on a roof at Leavenworth in order to make an escape. The Rev. Daniel A Poling, president of the dry Allied Forces, maintains that the majority o Americans favor prohibition and Russel S. Wise, speaker of the New Jersey House of Assembly, seriously proposes that speakeasies be taxed. Dr. Alexis Carrel, Nobel Prize winner, is dubious about rejuvenation and Queen Victoria of Spain plans to sell her $2,000,000 collection of jewelry. Federal Employment Service reports show no gain in factory jobs during November, two miners in Harlan County, Kentucky, are charged with killing a deputy sheriff, the Treasury Department predicts a large increase in the public debt by June and a pact of non-aggression is expected between Russia and Poland. Miss Randi Lerohl, middle-aged scrubwoman who is rowing down the Mississippi from St. Paul to the Gulf of Mexico, says she never gets lonesome.

▶▶*Blow at the Bishop*

THE highlight of the Senate's recently completed investigation of campaign expenditures is the report declaring that Bishop Cannon violated the Federal corrupt practices act, a charge on which he was indicted last October. The investigating committee, headed by Senator Nye, reports that, of the $130,000 collected in the Bishop's 1928 campaign against Governor Smith, only about $58,000 was accounted for to Congress as the law requires. It reports that $18,300 of the anti-Smith funds "were placed on deposit to the credit of James Cannon, Jr., or James Cannon, Jr., executor, prior to the date of the general election in 1928, and remained on deposit to the credit of such accounts for considerable periods subsequent to that elec-

THE BISHOP

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tion." Finally, it reports "numerous apparent violations of the Federal corrupt practices act" and "many unexplained

MOONEY OF SAN QUENTIN

discrepancies" between the bank accounts of the Cannon forces and their campaign statements. In the light of these findings by the Presbyterian, the Congregationalist, the Lutheran and the other Protestant on the committee, it is interesting to recall the statement made by the Bishop at the time of his indictment three months ago. "This is merely a plot to discredit me," he was then quoted as saying, "a persecution by a Roman Catholic district attorney acting under orders of his priest." Wonder who issued the orders to the Nye committee?

▸▸*The Nye Bill*

FULL of new knowledge regarding corrupt practices, Senator Nye naturally proposes a bill. It aims both to amend the corrupt practices act and to supplement it by limiting campaign expenditures by candidates for President and for Congress. The expenditures made for the nomination of a President would be limited to $250,000, those for the election of a President and Vice-President to $5,000,000, those for the nomination and election of a Senator to $50,000 and those for the nomination and election of a Representative to $10,000. Whatever may be thought of the generous limit set for presidential campaigns, the arbitrary limits for the campaigns of Senators and Representatives take no cognizance of actual conditions. The sum of $50,000 might finance a luxurious senatorial campaign in Utah, but it would be mere cigarette money in, say, Pennsylvania. In like fashion, the $10,000 limit would be fair in one congressional district and unfair in another.

Other features of the Nye bill, however, win ready favor. They seek to make a candidate legally responsible for all expenditures in his behalf by himself or anyone else. Only persons or committees designated by him would be permitted by law to collect or spend money for him, and their activities would have to be fully reported by the candidate himself. Hence, though evasion of the law might still be possible, it would certainly be made more difficult. And undercover campaigns like those against Smith in 1928 would be sharply discouraged.

▸▸*More Mooney Offenses*

NO DOUBT Tom Mooney's opponents are suitably shocked by his latest offenses, and, having always insisted that he should be kept in prison, will now conclude that he should be kept in prison.

Mooney actually radioed the ship taking Professor Einstein to America and asked the scientist to plead his case before Governor Rolph. Since he recently made a similar request of Mayor Walker and may some day make another of someone else, this indicates that Mooney lacks a sense of proportion.

Moreover, Mooney has wired to the International Labor Defense, a Communist organization, accepting the honorary chairmanship of a "workers' Olympiad" to be held in Illinois this year in competition with the great Olympiad to be held in California. He has asked that the California Olympiad be boycotted because of being held in the state wherein he is imprisoned. Since the chief argument against him is that he is a "radical," this connection with the Communists indicates that Mooney lacks discretion.

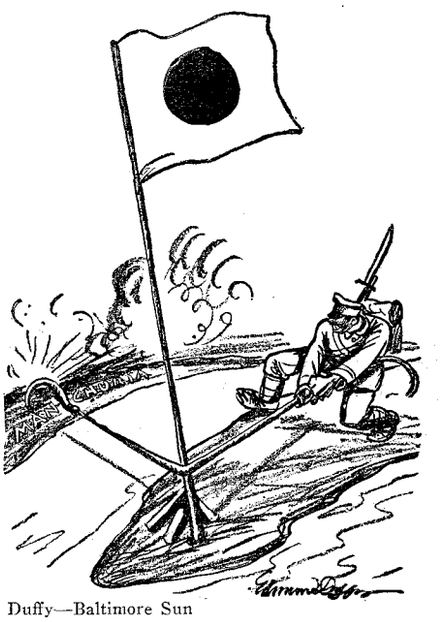
Finally, in a letter issued by the Mooney Moulders' Defense Committee of San Francisco, Mooney compares his case with the Sacco-Vanzetti case and recent governors of California with former Governor Fuller of Massachusetts. "Governor Rolph," he is quoted as saying, "when protests for my pardon became deafening, finally turned the facts over to his advisers to be 'examined.' Indications are that the 'examination' will result in my dying a long, lingering death in San Quentin." Since Governor Rolph is the man who must free him, if anyone does, the statement indicates Mooney's lack of diplomacy.

The upshot of it all is that Mooney takes himself pretty seriously and is apt to be indiscreet. Doubtless his opponents will make these points as forcefully as they know how—without bothering to wonder how seriously they would take themselves, or how indiscreet they themselves would be, if, like Mooney, they had been imprisoned for a crime they did not commit and then kept in prison for fifteen years.

▸▸*Railways in Need*

NO ONE familiar with the railway situation expects the freight rate increases now going into effect to meet the needs of the roads. The Interstate Commerce Commission had no illusions about that when it granted the increases. The objective was not to put the railroads back on a prosperous basis but to prevent as many as possible from defaulting on their fixed obligations. The rate increases are authorized on the understanding that the railroads will pool the increased earnings and distribute them so as to prevent defaults. Of the nation's 155 Class I railroads, 134 plan to participate in the pooling and distribution, one refuses to do so and the twenty others are ineligible—because they derive less than 50 per cent of their revenues from freight traffic, because they are already in receivership or default, or because their share of the pool would not prevent them from defaulting.

The limitations of the pooling plan were brought into bold relief at the recent Senate hearings on the proposal to create a Reconstruction Finance Corporation to make loans to established industries, railroads and financial institutions which otherwise would be unable to secure credit. It had been generally



Duffy—Baltimore Sun

THE JAPS HAVE A YEN FOR IT

agreed that the extra revenues from the freight increases would amount to somewhere between 100 and 125 million dol-

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PRESIDENT WOOLLEY

lars during the whole year 1932. At the Senate hearings Chairman Brainerd of the Interstate Commerce Commission testified that to meet fixed obligations during the six months ending on May 1, 1932, the railroads would require from 85 to 155 million dollars above cash in hand and contemplated receipts. This testimony and his insistence that immediate relief be granted the roads by the creation of the proposed Finance Corporation climaxed testimony to the same effect by Daniel Willard, president of the B. & O., F. H. Ecker, president of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, Morgan B. Brainard, president of the Aetna Life Insurance Company and the heads of several important New York banks. Congress would plainly do well to follow Chairman Brainerd's advice—with the greatest possible speed and the least possible red tape.

▸▸*Why Miss Woolley*

MARY EMMA WOOLLEY, president of Mount Holyoke College since 1900, would obviously be qualified by information and experience to represent this government in an international conference on education. But just how is she qualified to represent it in the conference on arms reduction scheduled to convene in Geneva on February 2? Like many other persons, she has, as she says, "been greatly interested in international relationships for a number of years." Like many others, she belongs to various organizations concerned with world peace—the League of Nations Non-Partisan Association, the Peace League of America and so on. But these things hardly compensate for lack of experience in international negotiations and lack of specialized information regarding the vexed subject of armaments.

Mr. Hoover's appointment of Miss Woolley to accompany Ambassador Dawes, Senator Swanson and Norman H. Davis of New York to Geneva cannot, therefore, be explained on ordinary grounds. Yet it is plain that, making it, Mr. Hoover has made a ten-strike with many women voters, to whom disarmament is of deep interest. Mr. Hoover's endlessly emphasized hopes for arms reduction—coupled with no practical steps to secure it—indicate his purpose to make political capital of this question. As he has doubtless done in the appointment of Miss Woolley.

What will happen if the arms conference fulfills predictions and fails because of the French demand for security, which he has steadily refused to heed, is another story. Some Americans already realize that Mr. Hoover's sweet words on disarmament are no substitute for strong deeds; possibly all of them will realize it then. And possibly it will then be understood that if arms reduction is treated as a political issue, it is unlikely to become a practical reality.

▸▸*"The Light of Truth"*

NOW THAT Pope Pius has issued his 7,500-word encyclical, *"Lux Veritatis,"* affirming Roman Catholic doctrines regarding papal supremacy and infallibility, the veneration of the Virgin Mary and the union of divine and human nature in Jesus Christ, other churches will doubtless continue to affirm their own doctrines precisely as they had done before. For the Roman Catholic doctrines are absolute and permit no compromise and other churches cannot well accept them without flatly abandoning their own.

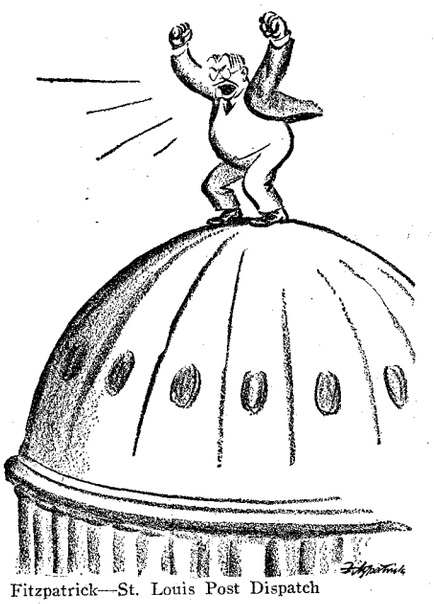
Similarly the Protestant and Eastern Orthodox churches are unlikely to heed the plea of His Holiness for their unification with the Roman Catholic church under papal authority. "It is necessary," says this encyclical commemorating the fifteen-hundredth anniversary of the Council of Ephesus, "that all good men unite in Jesus Christ and in his mystical spouse, the church, with a single uniform and sincere profession of faith, because everywhere so many men try to shake off the light yoke of Christ, reject the light of his doctrine, stamp out the sources of grace and finally repudiate the divine authority of him who has become, according to the gospel, 'a sign of contradiction on earth' . . . . We are confident that they [Protestants and Eastern Christians] becoming convinced by history, life's teacher, will be able to feel at least a longing for one fold under one shepherd and for a return to that true faith which is jealously conserved, ever secure and inviolate, in the Roman church."

Presumably, like other papal utterances, this one will have the full approval of all Catholics. To judge from comments upon it by pastors of other churches, however, it will appeal to very few Protestants in the United States. Only a few high church Episcopalians have greeted the encyclical sympathetically. To other Protestant commentators, absorption and disappearance seem far too high a price for unity. To Catholics, on the other hand, any yielding on essential doctrines is out of the question. As long as this is the situation, Christian unity is likely to remain an unrealizable ideal.

▸▸*Prejudice and Politics*

PREJUDICE and politics are still substituted for clear-eyed economic leadership in the treatment of the world's most important economic problem—the problem of reparations and war debts. So much is plain both from the debates in Congress and from the report of the so-called Basle committee acting for the World Bank.

At the very outset, the Basle committee was so limited in its investigation of German reparations that it could offer advice on only a small phase of the subject, and not, as it should have done, on the entire intricate question. It was permitted to advise regarding Germany's ability to meet the postponable portion of the payments fixed by the Young plan, but not on her ability to meet the so-



Fitzpatrick—St. Louis Post Dispatch

TOO MUCH JOHNSON

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called non-postponable portion. Nor could it make recommendations concerning Germany's debt to private investors. Nor concerning the war debts owed—chiefly to the United States—by Germany's creditors. Hence the report, which supports Germany's contention that she is unable to make postponable payments, barely scratches the surface.

Prejudice and politics are even more evident in Congress. For every member concerned with the country's ultimate interests in the subject a hundred are planning to wave the Flag and rap the "furriners" to delight the folks back home. There will be more before there are fewer outbursts like those of Senator Johnson and Representative McFadden. Few members get further than the reasoning that Europe owes us money; *i. e.*, Europe should pay. Few bother to say just how Europe is to pay, or to link the subject with tariff reduction or to do anything except echo Senator Reed's statement that "we are not interested in reparations." Congress is even loath to re-create the World War Foreign Debt Commission to collect the facts. It doesn't want the facts.

In these circumstances the chances are that we shall get nothing more than another moratorium on Germany's debt to our war associates and their debts to us. This, of course, will be no solution at all. It will be simply another stop-gap.

▶▶*Thirteen Lynchings*

DESPITE the widespread impression that 1931 was a year of many lynchings, it actually produced but thirteen, as compared with twenty-three for 1930. The contrary impression grew from the fact that, in December, three persons were lynched within a week—one in Maryland, two in West Virginia. To be sure, the year 1931 witnessed one more lynched than 1929 and two more than 1928, but this should not be overemphasized. The significant thing is the resumption of the trend toward fewer lynchings exemplified in the last few decades. Cruelly slow, the trend is nevertheless definite.

From 200 lynchings in the early '90's, the annual average dropped to 100 in the first decade of the twentieth century, to sixty in the second decade and to thirty in the third. The annual average for the six-year period ending in 1929 was but sixteen. The year 1930 was a throwback, as were 1919 and 1926. But the interruptions of 1919 and 1926 did not stop the trend toward fewer lynchings. Nor did the interruption of 1930 stop it. Notwithstanding the high figure for that year, the early '30's are showing an improvement over the early '20's.

The sharp decline in 1931 destroys the theory that the sharp increase in 1930 was due to the depression, with its accentuated economic conflict between the poor whites and the Negroes. The two years, however, support a more realistic view of lynchings—i. e., that, like other crimes of violence, they are apt to be largely unpredictable and of irregular occurrence. They defy easy explanation as they defy complete obliteration. North Carolina, for instance, boasted that she had eradicated lynchings and then had one in 1930. Georgia, usually a fertile field for lynchings, escaped them altogether in 1931. Maryland's lynching in December was her first in over twenty years.

Remarkable Remarks

We've reached the peak of the depression. Things will now get better. I see nothing more to worry about. Everything possible is being done to promote prosperity. —JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, SR.

A. C. Jeffries, Roachdale, Ind., $5 prize.

If all those who just happened not to suffer this year would just be friendly and neighborly with all those who just happened to have bad luck, we'll all get along together.—MRS. HERBERT HOOVER.

Miss Kate Gardner, 103 Cottage St., Pawtucket, R. I., $2 prize.

The people are cheerful, although of course they are feeling the effects of the time.—VICE-PRESIDENT CHARLES CURTIS.

Violet John, 100 South Ave., Albuquerque, N. Mex., $2 prize.

Being broke is one of the stepping stones to success.—ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE.

Stanley J. Gay, 523 High St., Central Falls, R. I., $2 prize.

The stock market has days of optimism.—H. L. MENCKEN.

R. P. Santen, 15 Fairfax Place, Utica, N. Y., $2 prize.

I am merely trying to develop the psychology of the people.—CHARLES E. MITCHELL.

Elois F. Elden, 1405 Grant St., Berkeley, Calif., $2 prize.

Manchuria is now a frozen and unhappy land, in the grip of winter and in the depths of woe. But you have a phrase in English—"If winter comes, can spring be far behind?" The actuating motive of Japan's policy is to bring genuine spring back to this frozen land. —GENERAL HONJO.

A. M. Lister, 3827 P, Galveston, Tex., $2 prize.

Germany could pay her reparations if each German sacrificed a beer a day.—SENATOR HIRAM JOHNSON.

Miss Sophie Sampson, 169 Manhattan Ave., New York, $2 prize.

Reasoning with me is automatic.—GOV. WILLIAM ("ALFALFA BILL") MURRAY.

Louis Roland, 565 W. 139th St., New York, $2 prize.

In the world of contract bridge there is no such thing as perfection.—MRS. ELY CULBERTSON.

Mrs. Olive M. Hagar, 5540 Pershing, St. Louis, Mo., $2 prize.

I like Hollywood. It seems a great place to relax and also turn out some work.—TALLULAH BANKHEAD.

Ray W. Frohman, 1181 W. 36th St., Los Angeles, Calif., $2 prize.

Conditions governing the Remarkable Remarks contest will be found on page 27

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▶▶*Emergence of Mr. Baker*

BAKER, like Barkis, is willin'. Fortunate in the calibre of its presidential candidates this year, the Democratic party now has another of first grade in addition to Young, Roosevelt, Ritchie and Smith—for the latest rumors say that Smith is seeking, not only a wet Democratic plank, but his own renomination.

Mr. Baker's willin'ness shone like a spotlight through his letter to the Winston-Salem (N. C.) *Journal*, as these extracts will show: "Aside from the personal happiness, which I trust it is not improper for me to have, my greatest joy at the moment is coming from the fact that practically all of the comment which suggests a presidential candidacy for me is based upon the need of a revived liberalism and a refreshed idealism in the country. To this cause I am deeply committed and for it I want to fight; whether carrying a banner or marching in the ranks seems to me to make little difference . . . . I have slipped into a military phrase to accurately express a conviction which grows with me: namely, that even great pacific causes have to be battled for . . . . with as much resoluteness and often with as much courage as is required by military objectives."

True, this is not a definite announcement of a candidacy. But it indicates that Mr. Baker will gladly accept if the nomination comes his way. And if it does it will come to a man well fitted to receive it. The only two objections brought against Mr. Baker relate, not to the man himself, but to his political availability. They are, first, that some of the boys in the back room set him down as "high-brow," and, secondly, as his opponents rush to remind us (note the cartoon from Columbus reprinted in this issue), that he has favored our adherence to the League of Nations. Feeble objections, to be sure, but nevertheless objections. We can find no others. His record in Cleveland and Washington is the record of a sincere and able public servant. His crusading spirit, eloquence and ability to make ardent followers are all in his favor. As for his outspoken wetness—he believes in the flat repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment—in 1932 that is surely not a liability but a gilt-edged asset.

▶▶*The Great Game Goes On*

THE holidays did not halt the great game in Washington—the game of currying favor with voters in preparation for a national election. While the necessity of increasing taxes cramped the currying considerably, it does not wholly exclude it. Naturally, the game has barely started. The preliminary moves and countermoves, however, are none the less interesting and significant.

Take the Administration's proposal to increase taxes on incomes below as well as above $5,000. It isn't very easy to curry favor out of that, but administration Republicans are doing their best. Knowing that the proposed increases in the higher brackets would strike their victims as particularly burdensome, they are attempting to win the approval of the wealthy by pointing to the proposed increases on incomes below $5,000. Yet, as a matter of strict fact, these increases in the lower brackets mean little or nothing. All told, they would scarcely yield $20,000,000 in additional revenue.

The Democrats are playing the game a bit differently, to judge from the December 28 announcement by Representative Rainey, majority leader in the House of Representatives. Representative Rainey opposes a sales tax and favors repeal of the capital gains and losses provision of the present tax law to prevent security holders from deducting losses incurred in sales from taxable income. To the proposal to increase taxes on incomes below $5,000 he declares himself unalterably opposed. Here, of course, the hope is to curry favor with citizens whose incomes fall below that mark and who must be depended upon for votes just as the wealthy must be depended upon for contributions to campaign funds. Yet $20.57 is the maximum additional tax any one with less than $5,000 income would pay. The average increase would be approximately $10.00. Hence all the Democratic talk of saving the poor, like all the Republican talk of protecting the rich, is gross exaggeration.

PATTY CAKE, PATTY CAKE, BAKER MAN, MAKE UNCLE SAM, JUST AS FAST AS YOU CAN, SEND YOUNG AMERICANS OVER THE SEA TO SETTLE THE TROUBLES OF EUROPE FOR ME!
LEAGUE OF NATIONS
EUROPEAN
NATIONAL
NEWTON BAKER FOR PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES
DEBT
WAR

Columbus Dispatch

"UNCLE" LEAGUE'S LITTLE MAN

▶▶*In Brief*

"TIENCHANGTAI," the New York *Times* reported on December 29, "heard the Japanese cannon all morning as the fighting went on with bandits, who offered resistance at Hsintun, one mile north of Tienchangtai, at Taichitao, ten miles west, and at Chan Ghiatun, about four miles northwest." We thought you'd like to know . . . . Ever resourceful Harry Daugherty even finds a way to make a denial sensational. In his new book, he says, he draws the veil from the so-called mystery of President Harding's death, "and the readers can judge whether Florence Kling Harding, his noble wife, was capable of murdering the man she worshipped" . . . . The most unkindest cut of all: Inhabitants of a St. Louis colony of shacks made of packing boxes call their community "Hooverville". . . . Newton D. Baker says he has "slipped into a military phrase to accurately express a conviction." But suppose some one were to slip into that split infinitive. . . . . As for that scholar at the University of Chicago who has been making a study of the comparative sophistication of city girls and country girls —as for him, we don't suppose he ever got called down by a dean for cutting classes . . . . Refreshed by their long vacation, members of Congress will probably be able to think up lots of good strong arguments against Senator Borah's proposal for a ten per cent cut in their salaries. . . . Nicholas Roerich, the artist, uses three spheres on a flag designed to symbolize peace. Meaning, presumably, that another war like the last one and the nations will be putting their armaments in hock. . . . Well, anyway, there's that economist over in Holland or somewhere who says that the depression will come to an end in 1932.

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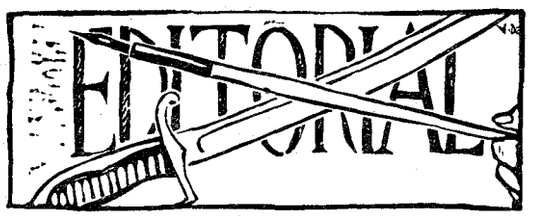
No Students on the Barricades



AS A PROMULGATOR of original annual college reports, Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, sage of Columbia Heights, is our favorite author. Like Dunsany's *Little Green Letter from China*, let certain portents make their appearance; for instance, let holly wreaths appear in the shop windows, let the gay lights of Christmas trees bedeck our public squares, let the postmen begin to stagger under the Christmas mail; and the very next day appears an annual report from Dr. Butler. Is the subject his university's finances? Is the huge corporation under his fist making progress or losing ground? He will not detain you long, not even if the year, like 1931, marks high water in gifts to his institution. A paragraph or two and he is off on the state of the Union, or the international relationships of the world, or the evil character of our rulers, even though they may be, like himself, of purest Republican vintage. In no annual report can any one accuse the president of Columbia University of dullness or lack of vigor. The flavor of his unique and arresting personality spices everything he says.

THIS year it is the manners of youth and the hypocrisy and example of age which feel the sting of his annual lash. Says he, without apology to the youths he sees daily, or to the parents whose checks make his salary possible:

> "Carelessness and inconsiderateness in dress, in speech and in personal habits have become all too common, not among the younger generation alone by any means, but also on the part of their elders. It is not easy to find satisfactory reasons for such changes as these, or to fix upon the cause which would explain why it is that distinction and correctness of speech, of appearance and of manner are no longer esteemed as they once were. Unconcern for standards of excellence and overconcern for the quick satisfaction of one's own immediate personal conveniences and desires have combined to undermine that very desirable respect for age, for accomplishment, for excellence and for high standards which have long marked, and should always mark, the cultivated gentleman."

Nor are the students of Columbia and their parents merely lacking in the attributes of cultivated folk. They also show a lamentable positive cynicism in regard to public affairs—due, the Doctor believes, to the low state of political life in these United States and to the "sheer hypocrisy of present-day party divisions and discussions."

> SAYS Dr. Butler: "If there were clear-cut and definite party distinctions based on fundamental differences of principle and of policy, as has been the case at various times in the history of the United States, it would presumably not be difficult to enlist the interest of youth on one side or the other of these discussions and debates, and to invite youth to share in the responsibility for the conduct of public business. So long, however, as all really important differences of opinion, no matter how profound or far-reaching the principles involved, are pushed into the background in cowardly fashion by the active members of the office-seeking and office-holding class, and so long as there is no opportunity effectively to settle these disputed questions by an appeal to public opinion, it must be expected that youth will remain more or less cynical and hold more or less aloof.
>
> "When, as is the case today, the spectacle is presented of men of highest importance in the life of the nation, who, finding themselves in agreement upon every important question of public policy now before the nation, are nevertheless enrolled in political parties bearing different names, while, on the other hand, there are enrolled in one and the same political party men who have little or nothing in common in respect to anything which has to do with the pressing questions of the moment, surely youth must be pardoned for not understanding what it is all about, or for asking, with cynical composure, What is the use?"

WHAT is the use, indeed? With the world waiting for this New Generation to save it; with thousands of mannerless parents solely buoyed up by this hope, slaving to keep their sons in college until the last examination has been passed; with the liberal papers of the world trembling between a "reawakening of the Right" and "a revolution of the Left"—to quote the *Week-End Review of London*—is it possible that in the end the New Generation will simply refuse to care? Alas, with Dr. Butler, we wonder!

WRITING in Harper's magazine some weeks ago, Professor Laski of the University of London made some trenchant statements about our college youth as he had observed them in his classes in this country. Wrote Dr. Laski:

> "The undergraduate still looks upon the political adventure with aloof cynicism. He knows that leadership is necessary; but he has little or no sense that the obligation is upon him to fit himself to lead. He realizes the new complexities of political life, the consequent impossibility that the present type of politician can find his way through them. But he feels no urgency to take his place. He lacks a sense of the positive state because the predominance of the business man has given him no notion of its possibilities. That predominance has overshadowed the universities. . . . Government remains for them a thing outside their lives about which they are entitled to be aloof and cynical. They admit that change is necessary; they do not see why they should be called upon to pay the price of change. They rate the general motives of men, indeed, their own motives, too low to believe that a call to effort will win suitable response. . . . 'The Youth of a nation,' said Disraeli, 'are the trustees of posterity'; but a grave problem is raised when they refuse the exercise of what is vital to their trusteeship. That seems to one observer, at least, the outstanding temper of the American university today."

IT MAY be so. It was so in our college days. And unless Dr. Butler and Dr. Laski are badly mistaken, it is so today. In the future, as in the past, America will have to struggle along and solve her problems without the aid of her college students. If political change is necessary, no student bodies will lead the voting. If revolution comes, there will be no Harvard or Columbia students on the barricades. Russia, Spain, England, France, China and Germany—these are the lands where college students feel themselves charged with responsibility for the future of their country. But the land of the free and the brave is not yet on the list.

THE EDITORS.

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Backstage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

FOR a lone fighter, Hiram Johnson is doing a most excellent job of creating, or crystallizing, public sentiment against soft-heartedness toward Europe. Bereft even of Borah, who would reduce or cancel debts in return for similar action on reparations and for real disarmament, the rotund Senator from California is making the holiday season a most unhappy time for President Hoover. Although we would not question the Senator's motives, in view of his well known attitude on the subject of internationalism, we imagine he derives special delight from the thought that he is now Mr. Hoover's prickliest hair shirt. Mr. Johnson never did like Mr. Hoover, and takes no pains to conceal the fact that he can, in all fairness, and in the discharge of what he conceives to be his public duty, take vengeance against the President. Although the two made up for the purpose and period of the 1928 campaign, they heartily detest one another, as many incidents have revealed.

Mr. Hoover was the first to break the truce that time he failed—or, to accept his version, forgot—to invite the Senator to the White House dinner to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. As we wrote at the time, Mr. Hoover's ineptitude then has sharpened Hiram's sword, and the latter has hacked a little harder than he might have otherwise. The Senator, we happen to know, cannot discuss Mr. Hoover calmly, and he can hardly be blamed. There was more than irony in the Senator's reference to the breakfast Mr. Hoover gave to certain Congressional leaders on the day Mr. Johnson selected to deliver his attack upon the moratorium and the proposal for further leniency to European debtors. When a mischievous member interrupted to ask the Senator if he had attended the White House party, the latter, with a malicious grin, replied: "No, a previous engagement prevented me from attending." And then Hiram, his anger at the earlier affront made keener, tore headlong into as vicious, but as diplomatic an attack upon the President as the Senate has heard in many years. Not since "Jim" Reed left Washington has the chamber listened to such a wicked denunciation of Mr. Hoover. And nobody came to the defense of the Republican President. Indeed, almost every Senator seemed to enjoy it—and to agree!

Mr. Johnson, we imagine, is an extremely happy man these days, despite his protestations to the contrary. We understand he bemoans the fact that he seems to be without supporters in his open attacks upon the President's foreign policy, and wonders why he was built in such contrary fashion, but, underneath, he is getting as great a thrill as he did when he turned his oratory against Woodrow Wilson and the League of Nations. The Senator's forte, he realizes, is the attack, and he appears in warmest light when he is "agin" somebody or something.

HIS move to investigate the flotation of foreign securities in this country by the "international bankers," he now realizes, was an inspiration, and he means to make the most of it. When he first asked for an inquiry, he fully expected that Administration leaders like Reed, Smoot and "Dave" Reed would oppose it, or throw obstacles in the way. To his surprise, however, they grabbed at the idea, and embraced it—and him. It is true that certain members of the Finance Committee, such as Messrs. Smoot and Shortridge, seem overawed by the golden figures from Wall Street, and exert themselves to make it easy for the bankers, but, by and large, the senatorial investigators are holding up fairly well. They have, besides permitting Hiram to sit with the committee, although he is not a member, allowed him to cross-examine to his heart's content, and, in some cases, to dictate procedure. Several times, when Mr. Smoot suggested that details of bond issues be inserted in the record rather than read, Hiram entered a successful protest. With hardly a by-your-leave, he insisted that it would be more satisfactory if the various deals were discussed orally, and in each instance Mr. Smoot deferred.

Hiram, in short, is a symbol—a symbol of a resurgence of the same sort of nationalistic spirit which prevented American entry into the League of Nations. The Seventy-Second Congress is sick and tired of Europe, and, in fact, of the rest of the world. The attitude on Capitol Hill is that "Europe should stew in its own juice," and that "the United States should mind its own business." It matters not whether there can be so sharp a cleavage between nations, economically and politically, and only a few give consideration to this. Our statesmen are about convinced that Europe regar Uncle Sam as an easy mark, and the think it is time to devote more attentio to domestic matters. Inherently selfis and rather cowardly, they are respond ing to a public sentiment which seem to be insistent on "getting out o Europe," as Borah phrases it. Letters an telegrams by the carload have been sen to the Capitol in recent months, and almost without exception, these message from the "constits" are of the "Amer ica first" type. The Democrats wh once urged acceptance of the Wilsonia program are now more antagonistic t international moves than some of th "irreconcilables" of 1920. The Repub licans, including regulars and Adminis tration men, are fearful that Mr. Hoove will leave the G.O.P. open to the charg that it is taking us into Europe. Wit the 1920 election in mind, the politician of both parties are opposed to the Presi dent's foreign policies. The White Hous defense that there can be no end to th depression without European recovery makes no appeal to the practical boys on Capitol Hill.

IRONICALLY, Mr. Hoover has only himself to blame for the passions that were stirred here and abroad during the Senate debate on the moratorium. If, as seems true, there is greater hatred among the nations now than in many years, the President, rightly or wrongly, must accept much of the responsibility. Had he summoned Congress into session last June, instead of "legislating by telegram," as Mr. Johnson says, the Republicans would have organized the House, and the moratorium would have been approved with little to-do. The deaths and Republican defeats which gave the lower body to the Democrats came weeks after the declaration of the moratorium, so that the G.O.P. would have had a stronger grip on legislative machinery in June than they have now. Even the Senate would have soon succumbed and would, no doubt, have given its O. K. with only a little muttering.

Mr. Hoover, however, was afraid. His unhappiest time is when Congress is in session, for he has not yet learned to stand criticism without flinching. He dreaded lest a special session would mean the return of 531 "hair shirts" to Washington, and he took the easier course. Despite the arguments of his friends, speed was not so essential as they make it out to be, for it was many weeks before the moratorium was actually worked out. As things have turned out, Mr. Hoover was too smart for himself.

A. F. C.

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▸▸ Mighty Like a Giant ◂◂

A Portrait of the Senate's Democratic Whip

By CHARLES MORROW WILSON

PROFESSIONALLY speaking, Joseph T. Robinson of Arkansas, running-mate of Al Smith and for ten years Senate minority leader, is very nearly the professional politician. He entered public office at the tender age of twenty-four. He has been in public office ever since. He was never defeated in a political campaign until he sought to be Al Smith's vice-president. But two years after this venture he was elected to a fourth consecutive term in the United States Senate with the greatest majority ever registered in a senatorial race in Arkansas.

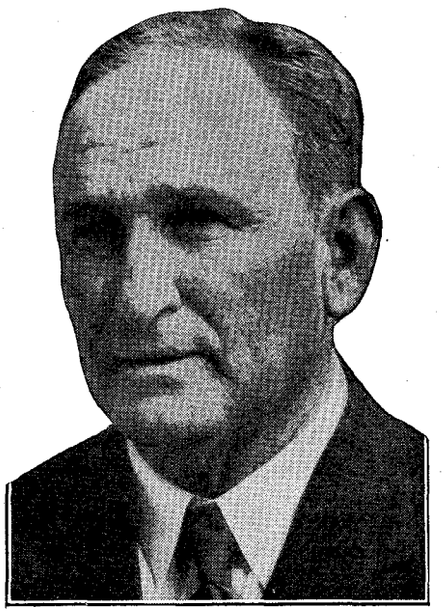
Seven years in the Arkansas legislature, ten in the lower house of Congress, one brief fling as governor of Arkansas and nineteen years in the United States Senate—that's Joe Robinson's record up to date, thirty-six years of office-holding out of sixty years of robust life.

All of this becomes the more remarkable when one considers the political environment of Robinson's home state. Professional politicians are scarce in Arkansas. There the great majority of office-seekers, office-holders and election-framers take politics as an avocation. They list their real professions as preachers, lawyers, merchants, farmers, insurance salesmen, pugilists, horse race promoters, bricklayers and presiding elders. Arkansas is, moreover, a one-party state. The Democratic primary constitutes the election and regularly brings a free-for-all scramble wherein a couple of thousand good Democrats publicly hone for a couple of hundred offices. Anybody is liable to toss his hat in the ring and to be elected, and the average political life of an Arkansas office-holder is short, not more than four years at most.

The career of the Senate's minority leader is a distinct contradiction of this swaying background of happy-go-lucky politics. Robinson is Arkansas's one outstanding professional politician, and we shall make bold to add that this notable exception has repeatedly proved himself a statesman as well.

To be briefly biographical, Joseph T. Robinson was born August 26, 1872, at Lonoke, a village near Little Rock, Arkansas, the son of a poor country doctor. He was educated in a country school. At seventeen he passed the examination for a county teacher's license, kept a country school two years, saved his slight earnings, then set forth to become a lawyer.

Not many of the oldtimers about Fayetteville, Arkansas's college town, appear to remember Joe Robinson as a college student. Those were the days when all Arkansas college boys were expected to be high hell-raisers. Joe Robinson wasn't. An ancient Latin teacher assures me that she remembers the boy as a quiet and



SENATOR J. T. ROBINSON

studious fellow, "plainly dressed, very respectful toward his teachers and good in grammar."

Robinson continued his law study at the University of Virginia and in 1896 received his license to practice law in Arkansas and straightway settled in his home town, Lonoke. The paint was still fresh on his professional shingle when he was elected to the lower house of the Arkansas legislature. He served continuously in the legislature until 1903, when he was elected representative from Arkansas's sixth Congressional district, a place which he held for five consecutive terms.

During this first ten-year span of Congressional tenantry Robinson acquired a perceptible toehold in national politics and a very secure footing in Arkansas. He concentrated the greater part of his labors and oratory on defense of child-labor legislation and to upholding his party's views on tariff and trust limitation, all good drawing cards for his rampantly Democratic constituency.

Joe Robinson kept a weather eye upon the gubernatorial situation in Arkansas during this decade of Washington. In 1912, when he announced his candidacy for governor, he included in his personal platform resolutions to put the state government on a cash basis, the appointment of a budget committee, establishment of a state banking department and the enactment of a corrupt practices act. All of these were bullseye shots. Joe Robinson was elected and virtually the whole of his platform eventually blossomed into Arkansas law—Robinson wasn't there to referee.

It may be noted here that back in those days Joe Robinson, dry, wasn't so very arid. He favored local option on liquor. He testified, however, that in event the legislature should pass a state prohibition law, he would not veto it.

He had barely taken his oath as governor before the bewhiskered solons of the Wonder State, supported by Acclaimers of the Word and the vociferous Shebas of the Ladies' Missionary Societies, proceeded to enact the State's first bone-dry law. Robinson looked on without comment and, true to his promise, declined to veto it.

Even the drys were surprised and just a bit wistful. The governorship of Arkansas is by long tradition a rather grimy post. Voters expect His Excellency to be a cheap grafter, and here was a governor who couldn't be bought like a bunch of bananas. Financially speaking, the wet forces were the better off. Even the discerning Wonder State press couldn't make it out.

Then Fate intervened. Joe Robinson had spent just twelve days at the gubernatorial rolltop when the legislature elected him to the United States Senate to fill the term of Jeff Davis, author of the immortal declamation of "Change the Name of Arkansas!" and one of the most colorful mob politicians ever produced south of the Mason and Dixon line.

JOE ROBINSON knew a good thing when he had it. He tossed his hat high and gamboled off to Washington, leaving the turmoil of governorship behind. There on March 4, 1913, he became to all the world a United States senator, after having set a national record for office-holding—congressman, governor and senator all in a span of two months!

A legislator in his early twenties, a congressman at thirty, a governor and senator at forty, Joe Robinson was off

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for a spectacular start in the profession of politics. In the Senate he proved himself a consistent and level-headed Democrat. He advocated enlargement of the powers of the Interstate Commerce Commission, reforms in the administration of Indian affairs, and later sponsored and pleaded for the League of Nations. He was an intimate friend and faithful supporter of Woodrow Wilson, whom he firmly believes to have been one of the nation's immortal presidents. In the waiting room of his office down in the Senate building hangs a portrait of Wilson, a youngish and clean-cut portrait made before the subject had become branded by the toils and harassments of being a war president.

But on at least one memorable occasion Robinson took issue with the President. Wilson very much craved to have Jim Reed of Missouri licked for reëlection to the Senate and he made this craving well known, but it so happened that Robinson had worked and been friends with Reed years before Wilson had loomed on the political horizon. The Arkansan straightway trekked to Missouri and stumped the state in behalf of the nomination of Jim Reed. The campaign was successful and the venture brought no ill aftermath. Joe Robinson is a genius at protecting himself from scorched fingers.

The high points of Robinson's senatorial career are common knowledge. In 1922, on being chosen as chairman of the conference of the minority and Democratic floor leader in the Senate, he assailed the Harding administration in general and in particular its policies on farm relief, soldiers' bonus, protective tariff and naval oil leases. In the Democratic national convention of 1924 he received a noticeable flurry of votes for the presidential nomination, which he smilingly disregarded.

Perhaps the greatest speech of his Senatorial career so far was his argument against the four-power pact proposed at the Washington Arms Conference. Probably his best publicized service was his service at the London Naval Conference. Robinson worked hard and intelligently in this verbosity tournament and his labors drew American notice largely through the playful cracks of Will Rogers, who frolicked away to London and wielded a playful paddle upon all those present. Mr. Rogers reported graphically how he put socks on Joe Robinson from Arkansas, washed his neck and ears and coached him in saying "howdo!" The populace read and chortled. Joe Robinson read, but he didn't chortle. He allowed that after all he was holding responsible office when Will Rogers was town show-off in an unheard of Oklahoma village and that he was crashing the formals at Washington before Rogers had ever Ziegfelded with chewing gum and lasso patter. But Joe Robinson, who knows considerable about press relations, said absolutely nothing about it and he continues to enjoy Will Rogers, even as you and I.

As Democratic leader of the Senate, Robinson is a skillful parliamentarian. His form and voice fill the mandates of Ciceronian oratory. He looks the part of a senator, for he is large and well-muscled and Romanesque; he has the sort of a physique which would be offset to advantage by a toga, even though a sack suit must suffice. His stentorian voice is well fitted to Ciceronian rhetoric. In debate he delights in the Ciceronian stratagem of first striking fiercely at the obvious weak points of the opponent's argument, thereby so busying the member with the necessity of defense that the opposition rather forgets to build up the measure to be advanced.

Bishop—St. Louis Star

His job in the Senate is one that demands strategy and skillful leadership. The minority leader must first of all keep his own forces behind him, then employ political finesse and psychology to gather in any wavering fold of the opposition. He must know how to arbitrate, conciliate and keep on good terms. He must know when to be diplomatic and when to be hard-boiled. Robinson is now entering his tenth year as floor leader, which sets a record for the present century. During all this span he has stayed *persona grata* at the White House, an intimate friend both of Wilson and Coolidge and at least an amiable acquaintance of Harding and Hoover.

Robinson is far too discreet to hazard any boisterous overtures for the presidential nomination. As chairman of the last Democratic national convention he came out with the flatfooted announcement that he had no craving to be made a presidential nominee. I believe that Robinson was entirely sincere in this gesture. No doubt he had sound reason to believe that the Democrats held a negligible chance of victory. He was plainly in line for the nomination for vice-president. This he accepted with a somewhat Caesarian gesture on being overwhelmingly voted the running-mate of Al Smith.

DETAILS of the relations of this team are picturesque, to say the least; a drippingly publicized, wet, Catholic, Tammany-backed New Yorker, who had as running-mate this dignified, cautious, arid, Methodist, old-line-Washington Democrat from agricultural and little known Arkansas. There is every evidence to believe that Robinson never expected a victory. In any event he did put in four months of good, even-keeled stumping, kept on first-rate terms with his illustrious colleague, carried his home state with a neat majority and was joyously surprised at the fact that the Democrats did actually muster some 14,000,000 votes.

The Arkansan is decidedly optimistic over Democratic prospects in 1932. Up to date he has made no specific forecasts or declaration save that prohibition must not be a campaign issue. He believes Franklin D. Roosevelt of New York a great and able executive but offers no predictions. He is likewise silent on the subject of Tammany and Raskob. It is quite certain that the Arkansan's influence in Washington has increased since the campaign of 1928 and that he is due to stay as a senatorial helmsman for some time to come, since he has four more years of his present term and a clear field for being returned for a fourth term to the Senate at its expiration. Robinson himself neither affirms nor denies the likelihood that he will be in the coming national race. Certainly he is doing nothing to make overtures in his own behalf.

Joe T. Robinson maintains a home and a law office in Little Rock and during congressional vacations he carries on his practice. But he keeps his law practice well separated from his politics. This was recently demonstrated in Robinson's

(Continued on Page 30)

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The Anatomy of Ballyhoo

A New Type of Magazine—Smutty or Smart?

By HENRY F. PRINGLE

BOSTON, the home of banned literature, purchased 100,000 copies last month. The sale in New York came to 400,000; and in San Francisco, Los Angeles and Louisville, Kentucky, it was the best selling periodical on the newsstands. Such is the current popularity of *Ballyhoo*. The current issue, the one with the titillative keyhole cut into the cover, may achieve a total circulation of 1,900,000.

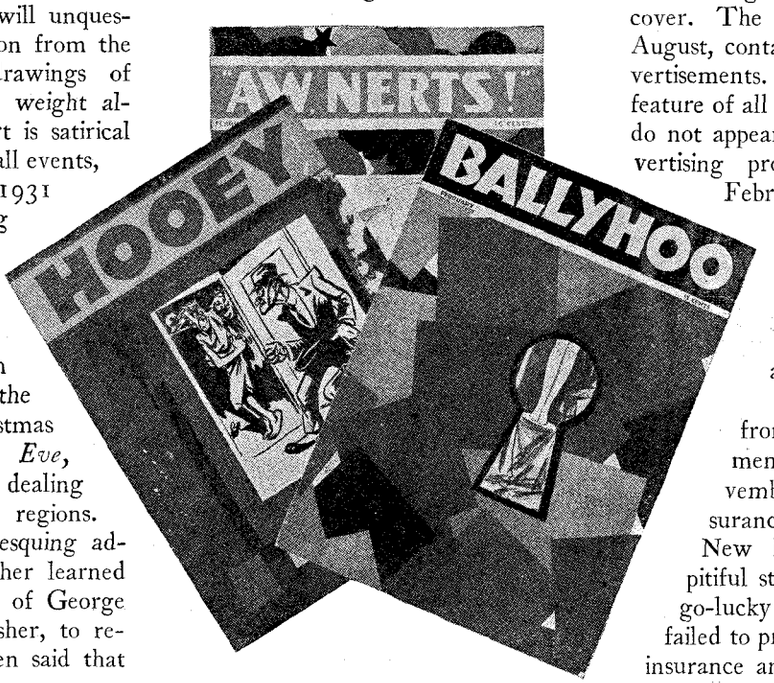
Such magazines as *Ballyhoo* and its imitators are not new, even in the United States, but hitherto their sale has been definitely restricted. The robust individual who desired this form of amusement had to satisfy himself with shabby pamphlets rather surreptitiously sold. Americans, in the mass, did not admit their taste for the bawdy. The taste was doubtless there, but expressions of it were limited to Pullman washrooms and those occasions after dinner when the gentlemen remained behind for a liqueur and limericks. Anatomical humor has joined the ladies. *Ballyhoo* is on drawing room tables from Park Avenue to Nob Hill. Among its paid subscribers, I am authoritatively informed, are such pillars of respectability as Edsel Ford, Julius Rosenwald and George Ade.

The social historian of the future, attempting to fix a date for the emergence of the new humor into mixed society, will find his task difficult. He will probably unearth obscure origins among the songs of the war. Chic Sale's *The Specialist* achieved an enormous circulation a year or so ago; it will unquestionably receive due attention from the research scholars. The drawings of Peter Arno may be given weight although Arno's published art is satirical more often than bawdy. At all events, the summer and winter of 1931 marked the full flowering of fanny and outhouse humor. Curiously enough, the trend has not affected the theatre unduly. Its medium has been the printed word. One of the best sellers of the Christmas season was *The Stag at Eve*, a collection of drawings dealing with sex and the gluteal regions.

Ballyhoo's policy of burlesquing advertisements has led to rather learned dissertations on the purpose of George T. Delacorte, Jr., its publisher, to reform advertising. It has been said that he was a crusader, that he was weary of the full-page broadcasts which sought to terrify the public into buying something it did not want. It is true that Mr. Delacorte has some such reaction to certain of the large-scale advertising campaigns, but he flatly denies that he started *Ballyhoo* with any public-spirited motive.

"I wanted to make money," is his own explanation.

He has been in the publishing business, with that end in view, for about twelve years and has been extremely successful. His magazines are not distinctive contributions to literature, being known in the trade as "pulps." Most of them are collections of Western, gangster or aviation short stories written by hacks. The others, printed on better paper, deal with the fascinating ladies and gentlemen of Hollywood and are called "fan magazines." These have an enormous circulation. Several years ago Delacorte considered starting a humorous magazine and was dissuaded by his associates. The matter was dropped until Norman Anthony, former editor of *Life* and *Judge*, chanced to discuss it with Delacorte. It then became clear that the publisher had very pronounced ideas regarding humorous magazines. For one thing, he felt that they were too restrained. "It was like a dinner party when the men had joined the ladies," he complained to an associate. Furthermore, he believed that the advertising as well as the editorial content should be amusing. The final consideration which determined the nature of *Ballyhoo* was the fact that occasional burlesque issues of *Life* and *Judge*, issues which had made fun at the expense of *The Saturday Evening Post* or other journals, had broken all sales records.



"When I was at Harvard, and later at Columbia," Delacorte told his subordinates, now less dubious, "I used to watch the burlesque issues of the college comic paper. They seemed funny to me. We'll get out that kind of a book."

His theory that advertising should be either amusing or instructive goes back to an altercation with the law some time ago. Delacorte had gone to a motion picture theatre in uptown New York and had been vastly annoyed when the screen was used for a motion picture which advertised a railroad. He endured this for several seconds and then started to make derogatory noises as loudly as he could.

"I thought you were a gentleman," said a reproachful usher.

"I thought this was entertainment; I didn't pay a quarter to see an advertisement," Delacorte answered.

He was then arrested and faced a police lieutenant who pointed out that his lamentable conduct might have started a riot. "That's just what I wanted to do," Delacorte retorted.

This unhappy experience in mind, he determined that *Ballyhoo* should be as entertaining as possible from cover to cover. The first issue, published in August, contained several burlesque advertisements. Similar ones have been a feature of all subsequent numbers. They do not appear to have annoyed the advertising profession unduly; in its February issue *Ballyhoo* carries the first paid advertisement and others are expected at a price of about $5,000 a page. Delacorte will insist on supervising all advertising copy.

Complications did result from the burlesque advertisements, however. In the November issue the "Alimony Insurance Company" of Freedom, New Hampshire, set forth the pitiful story of "a carefree, happy-go-lucky young man" who had failed to provide himself with alimony insurance and who had come to grief

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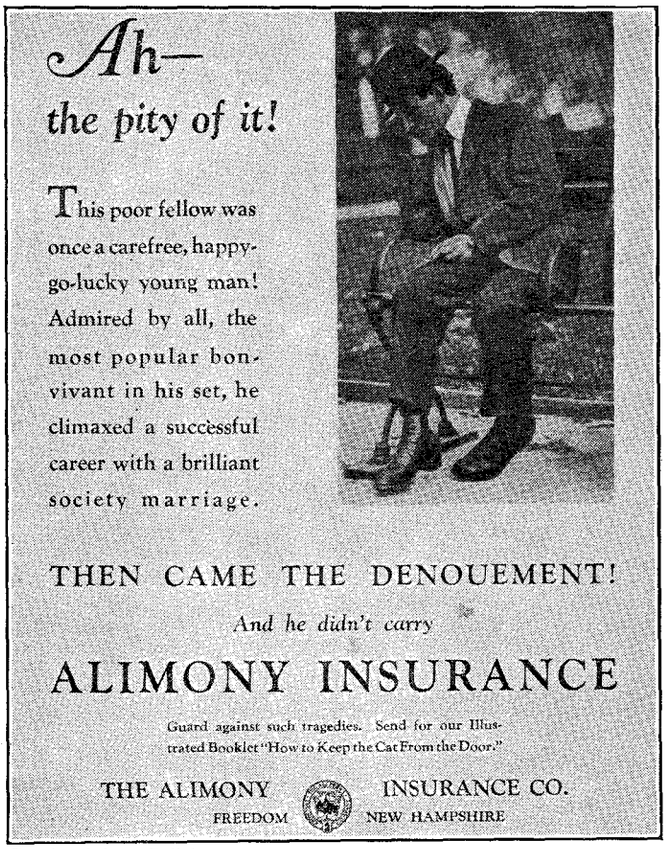
through this omission. "Send for our illustrated booklet . . . . " was the appeal. No one on the staff of *Ballyhoo* bothered to find out whether Freedom, New Hampshire, existed. Their first news of that small town came when the postmaster wrote that several hundred among *Ballyhoo's* readers had, in fact, sent for the booklet. Their letters were piling up in the Freedom post office, what was he to do with them?

Another complication resulted from an advertisement praising what will be called, in this article, the "Noisy Radio Set." It was not so called in *Ballyhoo;* Delacorte had selected a name which was far more plausible but which, careful research disclosed, was not in use. A few days after the issue had been purchased by thousands of eager readers a visitor appeared at *Ballyhoo's* offices in New York. He produced stationery and advertising layouts to prove that he was just about to launch a campaign to sell a new apparatus, the "Noisy Radio Set." There did not seem to be very much that Mr. Delacorte's associates could do about this. It seemed as though the complainant had been damaged, although the offense was unintentional. An interview with the company's lawyers was suggested.

"Well," said the radio manufacturer, "I tell you what you can do. I own a shoe manufacturing company. If you'll print a full page ad kidding my shoe company we'll call it square."

This was arranged.


Ah—
the pity of it!
This poor fellow was once a carefree, happy-go-lucky young man! Admired by all, the most popular bon-vivant in his set, he climaxed a successful career with a brilliant society marriage.
THEN CAME THE DENOUEMENT!
And he didn't carry
ALIMONY INSURANCE
Guard against such tragedies. Send for our Illustrated Booklet "How to Keep the Cat From the Door."
THE ALIMONY INSURANCE CO.
FREEDOM NEW HAMPSHIRE

Reprinted from Ballyhoo

It is obviously impossible to set forth dogmatically the reason for *Ballyhoo's* growth. Only 150,000 copies of the first issue were printed and these were sold immediately. The print order for the second was 300,000 and this, too, was absorbed. The growth after that was: October, 634,000; November, 1,256,000; December, 1,600,000; January, 1,770,000; February, 1,900,000. Theoretically, *Ballyhoo* is a monthly but the demand has accelerated the publication of each issue. What do 1,900,000 people want? No one knows, even Mr. Delacorte. I suspect, however, that making fun of the advertisements had very pronounced drawing power. Whether he admits it or not, Delacorte has actually been an influence toward elimination of some of the grotesqueries which had wearied the public for years. But his object, he repeats, was to make money.

Not all the humor in *Ballyhoo* is the Chic Sale variety. It is difficult to classify the varieties of humor with exactness and many of the jokes and drawings defy classification. Examination of the issues from November to the current one indicate certain general divisions, however. There are drawings in which some figure of the old burlesque stage is portrayed. A few deal with homosexuality. A large number concern prohibition. Bathtubs appear very frequently and Delacorte's pet hate, the radio, nearly as often. Most profuse, in view of the one-time delicacy of the subject, are those which treat of the gluteal region, that portion of the anatomy called hips in the fashion notes. The record of the four issues analyzed is:

Burlesque, 6; Prohibition, 14; Gluteal Region, 9; Chic Sale, 8; Bathtub, 5; Homosexuality, 2.

Even without advertising, which he will doubtless obtain, Delacorte can profit pleasantly with *Ballyhoo*. I have no means of determining his overhead or editorial expenses, but the cost of printing such a magazine cannot exceed 3.5 cents a copy. He probably receives 9 cents a copy from the American News Company which is the distributing organization. If 1,500,000 copies are sold, a figure which has already been exceeded, the profit would be $82,500 for a single issue. Danger exists, naturally, that large numbers will be returned and cut down the earnings. But Delacorte has been first in the field and his competitors are shoddy affairs; much dirtier and far less funny. The advertising revenues will probably more than make up any losses from excessive press runs.

"It can't last"; this is a verdict which Delacorte hears on every side. It has been said of every new magazine. Unburdened by the pretensions of a Bernarr Macfadden, who offers *True Stories, Physical Culture* and his other lucrative journals with a high moral purpose, Delacorte does not worry himself over *Ballyhoo's* probable span of life.

"I'll have made several hundred thousand dollars," he says. "When it folds I'll have another idea. I always have about seventeen ideas up my sleeve and while people are croaking that the current one is gone I'll be working on the next."

Ballyhoo may grow more dignified with the years and faintly less rowdy. It has been observed that certain of the tabloid dailies, impressed by their rôle as leaders in their field, have grown restrained. But I see no reason to believe that it will soon fade from the American scene. Perhaps this new humor marks the final passing of that excellent lady who told us, through so many pallid years, to mind our manners. Perhaps Victoria is really gone and will henceforth live only in the rhythmic cadences of Lytton Strachey. She had not really been exorcised by the war or even by the jazz age; a Scott Fitzgerald flapper would have blushed beneath her rouge at some of these witticisms. And the recent trend toward decorum, toward long skirts and the measured tread of the waltz—why, that was all a fraud. Today's debutante party may be supervised by Miss Juliana Cutting. Today's debutante may wear long gloves and trailing draperies. But she sits behind a potted palm and snickers, with a visiting sophomore, over the latest issue of *Ballyhoo, Hooey* or *Aw Nerts.* Hypocrisy, at least, has vanished; she found them on the library table.

She found them there, that is, if she got ahead of mother, father, the butler, the second-man and the upstairs maid.

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▸▸ Exclusion and Deportation ◂◂

By THOMAS DRAYTON PARKER

A SAGE once said, "The best way to keep a razor sharp is never to let it get dull"; and the best way to stop an immigrant is never to let him come in. But since we cannot make our extensive borders man-tight, we cannot depend solely on exclusion for the enforcement of our immigration laws.

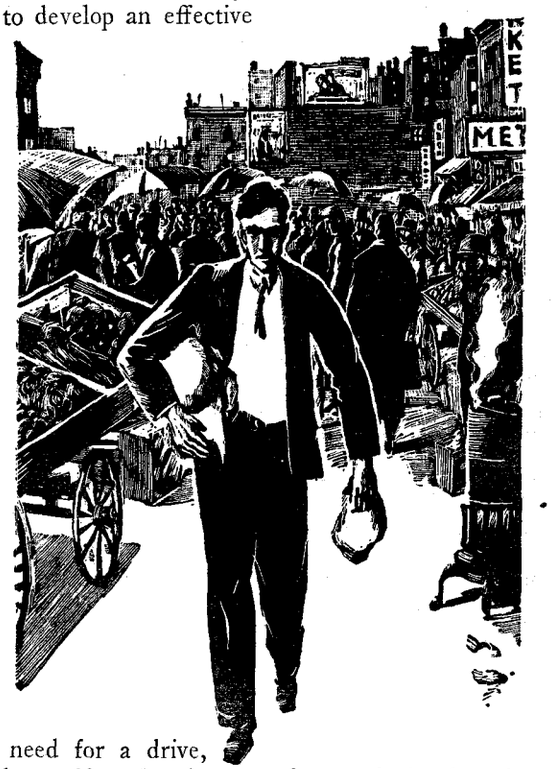
Nevertheless, the past year has shown that, with the stimulus of unemployment, we can stop ninety per cent of the otherwise legal flow by strictness as to visas, with special attention to the "public burden" clause. By demanding birth certificates and other papers, consuls have been able to investigate the records of applicants and to eliminate many undesirables without exposing them to disappointment at American ports or to the expense of returning to the homes they had expected to leave forever.

While the consuls have been cutting down legal entries, the patrol has learned to deploy far behind the border and to move about with disconcerting quickness, so that the evasive entrant who goes back to the highway and lights a cigar, thinking the danger safely passed, may be stopped and excluded after all. But methods of illegal entry are being constantly developed. It is stated on good authority that steamship lines which now direct steerage traffic to ports outside of the United States are advising would-be immigrants from Europe to go first to Cuba or to other adjacent countries, and thence to make their way into the Promised Land. It is further alleged that successors of the pirates and the slave runners of the last century who made their living about the Florida Keys are now serving the public by "bootlegging" immigrants.

Secretary Doak said in a recent radio address that atrocious forms of racketeering exist in connection with illicit immigration. With the connivance of attorneys, many thousands are being smuggled in and later threatened with exposure. He cited the case of a woman who, having paid her way in and built up a little business, was blackmailed to desperation. She hired a lawyer and a smuggler, who found her a husband *pro tempore*, escorted her to Canada, and secured her a legal permit to return to the United States as the wife of a citizen. They then paid him off and promised an annulment of the marriage.

These thousands who are smuggled in annually and lose themselves in our cities have passed no inspection; are often destitute, diseased, or criminal; and, like stowaways on a ship, are unregistered. Up to a year ago, there is reason to suppose that well over a hundred thousand a year came in this way. Temporarily, unemployment has made a difference—it is harder to get in, and the temptation is less, since living is cheaper at home—but unemployment will pass and the lawbreakers will throng in again. The problem is far from settled. Secretary of Labor Doak estimates that there are now 400,000 deportable aliens in the country; and preceding estimates have run up to three millions. The status of many of these is made secure each year by a statute of limitations.

Since aliens do slip in, our choice lies between deporting them and letting our immigration law, like some of our other laws, become an annoying restriction to be flouted. The flouting alien comes in hostile to our government and ignorantly contemptuous of the big policeman he has outwitted. It is therefore necessary, as things stand, to develop an effective system of deportation. Many persons take it for granted that we have done this. Some, their minds fixed only on the hard cases cited here, think we have done it too well. Particularly the recent "ruthless drive," the product of unemployment, has stirred up antagonism to the law and to those enforcing it. But assuredly there is need for a drive, with so many deportables already here and such large increments each year. In a normal year we deport only 12,000 of these (18,000 in 1930), and induce another 12,000 to leave.



Until the present year there has been little effort to handle other than institutional cases: insane or criminal deportables from penitentiaries or public asylums. Even of these people, according to Dr. Laughlin in 1926, nineteen-twentieths have been escaping deportation. There are various reasons for this.

First, a five-year statute of limitations applicable in certain cases.

Then, too, it often happens that we cannot induce the country of origin to take the alien back. Some years ago, of 500 insane persons turned over to the federal authorities from New York, only half could be deported. Norway would not receive back citizens who had been away more than ten years. Latvia would not receive back any person not registered as Latvian. It is much the same with other countries. Consuls often refuse visas, denying responsibility for aliens who had recently entered on their national quotas. They may deny that the alien was really a citizen; or may insist that insanity or even a criminal tendency was acquired after he reached this demoralizing land. The extreme case is that of Russia which, since we are not on speaking terms with her, will receive no former nationals back. Indeed, the Soviet view is that Russia is not a nation. A letter, like a deportee, addressed "Russia" is liable to be returned.

State authorities often fail to notify the Federal authorities of deportables under their control.

If the alien has "crashed the gate" without inspection, there is, of course, no passport and no record of nationality. As the facts are all in his possession, Congress has thrown the burden of proof on him. The government must of course prove the fact of alienage; and it has even been customary to make out a *prima facie* case as to entry without inspection. But some of the difficulties of proof are removed; and it has been held that the proceeding is administrative and political rather than judicial. It is also established that a deportation proceeding is not criminal. In theory, the courts will act only if there

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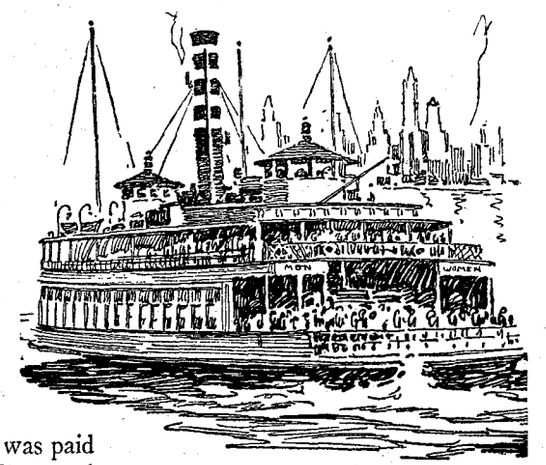
has been a complete denial of justice; but in practice they have shown an increasing tendency to substitute judge-made law for the intent of Congress.

Some judges, particularly elected judges, are very "human"; and undoubtedly there are humanitarian aspects of this problem. Various welfare, Jewish, and Roman Catholic organizations have opposed important features of the law. At the Congressional hearings in 1926 the American Civil Liberties Union led the opposition.



At the hearings it was objected that too much was left to the discretion of poorly paid and perhaps narrowly trained immigration inspectors; that too much attention was paid to the lawless alien, and too little to the development of the lawful potential citizen; that aliens are unnecessarily "harassed and alarmed"; that a hard and fast law would work injustice where deportables have become deeply rooted in this country. There was also objection to deportation as an "additional punishment," and to the proposed removal of the time limit for deportation. "There would be danger of blackmail"—which is true; for all criminals expose themselves to it.

Some criticized the officials charged with administering the law. The implication was that an immigration inspector must, *per se*, be a literal person little concerned with "human values." Some of the strictures, especially by the women present, were vague. When the members of the committee attempted to pin them down to exact statements they would retreat behind the formula, "I know nothing about legal matters."

Other criticisms were temperate in tone and specific. William F. Montavon, representing the National Catholic Welfare Conference, made constructive suggestions, as did Mr. Olmsted, a Philadelphia attorney, who marshaled the testimony of the Civil Liberties Union. But his general attitude was indicated by the following colloquy:

The Chairman: "You think an alien has a perfect right to come here and get into a labor strike, preach Communism all he wants to, and advocate the overthrow of the government?"

Mr. Olmsted: "Yes."

Mr. Olmsted's remark elicited the comment by the chairman:

"Tolerance is the soporific that lulls vigilance to sleep."

From the statement of the former Secretary of Labor, it appears that complaints are investigated by a local official; that after a warrant is issued, the alien is notified of his right to have counsel; that every opportunity is given him to present his case; that a Board of Review then passes on the record, giving him opportunity to be heard further; that the Secretary or the Assistant Secretary then personally reviews the record. There is still a right of appeal to the Federal courts.

It is thus evident that deportations are not so arbitrary and sudden as urged by those who wish, in the name of humanity or of civil rights, or in the interest of alien groups, or through sympathy with Soviet ideals, to weaken our deportation law. On the contrary, with lawyers ingeniously active, there are many loopholes. Our exclusion laws are outrageously flouted; and after an alien once gets in it is hard to get him out. For every hard case there are fifty where a deliberate offender, perhaps a notorious criminal, escapes deportation. Yet since laws are rigid, and since immigration officials, like judges, are human and fallible, it might be well to give the Secretary a "pardoning power."

Inevitably, there are hard cases. As this is written, a young Russian woman, whose parents reside in San Francisco, is being held at Angel Island, because (the papers say), having come with a visitor's permit, she told officials that she was coming to marry. As the prospective husband is an American citizen, this statement implied an intention to remain permanently. Entry has therefore been denied; but an appeal has been taken. I sincerely hope it will prevail. Think of crossing the Pacific to marry and then, after a sojourn at Angel Island (which is no pleasure resort), crossing the Pacific again—and alone!

Another case gave rise to an editorial with the caption, "Humanize It." A young Scotsman was about to be deported for a petty theft after having been held in the San Francisco jail and at Angel Island for more than a year. It is also alleged that the young man's wife and baby "have been destitute since his arrest, denied public aid because she is a native of Ireland and not a citizen."

After all, a thief, even a petty thief, may not be a desirable citizen. Thieves who get caught often leave their families unprovided for, which is no fault of the government. I doubt if the editor had all the facts. But one thing I am sure of. There is no excuse for keeping persons a whole year or most of a year at Angel Island, and for making them uncomfortable while there. I have known a young Chinaman to be held a year on this same island, so near Chinatown and yet so distant. The fault may lie with clerks in Washington, though foreign officials, who may have to be consulted, are notoriously dilatory. But we cannot afford to keep aliens by the year, and we can afford to make them decently comfortable.

The Wickersham Report cites the case of a Mexican who had been legally admitted, had married an American and had eight children. "One day he went fishing, and in wading the Rio Grande, crossed to and landed upon the Mexican side. Upon his return shortly thereafter he was apprehended and deported." But before passing judgment on this case I should like to hear from the immigration authorities.

TWO OTHER hard cases have come to my personal notice: A Finnish officer, a desirable immigrant, had incurred the enmity of the Reds of his country, then in power. Escaping, he had entered America under an assumed name. His papers may have been fraudulent; being a political refugee, he could hardly have secured a legal passport. For several years he had been quietly supporting his family as a mechanic. The Reds found him out and reported him to Washington. Our immigration bureau became the unwitting tool of the Communists and caused the arrest of this former officer, who had to put up a five-hundred-dollar bond. He escaped deportation and execution in Finland by forfeiting this bond, leaving his family and fleeing the country.

A young German woman entered on a temporary permit to care for her uncle who was old, blind and helpless. Her coming solved a difficult problem, as the uncle, almost destitute as well as blind, was unhappy at the "poor farm." Meanwhile, she married a young mechanic, but continued to care for the uncle. Suddenly, like a bombshell, came the sum-

(Continued on Page 31)

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Why Grand Opera Is Dying

By THOMAS CHALMERS

The author of this article was for years a baritone with the Metropolitan and other great opera companies and, therefore, knows the lyric stage intimately. He is now an expert in the motion picture industry

"OPERA is through, finished, 'washed up.' How much longer will they try to keep it alive?"

We hear that observation on all sides. One senses, in the apathy of the present generation to the most glamorous fare the theatre has to offer, that interest in opera is waning and that unless something is done, and done quickly, its swan song cannot be long delayed.

Box office records at, let us say, the Great House on Broadway may show that *Trovatore* the week of November 17, 1931, drew $147 more than in the corresponding week with the identical cast in 1927. Attendance figures may show a steady increase over a period of years, but the fact remains that the ratio of increase bears an unhealthy relation to the growth in population, an infinitely smaller percentage of which is attending opera today than twenty-five years ago. There is no denying the fact that opera is very definitely losing its hold on the interest of that part of the public which does attend. The excitement, the fervor, the thrill of expectation that was present at performances in the Metropolitan, let us say, twenty-five years ago, is very obviously missing today.

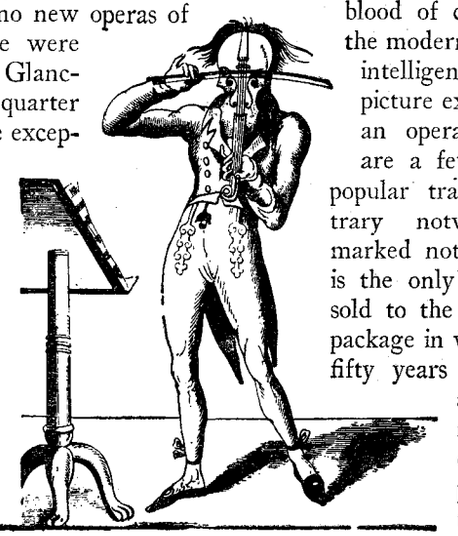
If this were a purely local condition the cure would be quite simple and could be found ready-made in the communities where opera still holds its own, but the fact is there are no such communities. This falling off of interest is universal. Travelling companies—the Savage, the San Carlo and the Aborn—are things of the past in this country. True, local pride prompts certain cities to put on short seasons of considerable stellar brilliance, but the appeal of these sporadic performances is more a combination of novelty and the booster spirit than a real public interest in opera as a cultural force or a thrilling form of entertainment. Again, if this condition were limited to America and other English-speaking countries we could fall back on the old standby that opera is an exotic foreign art form making no real appeal to Anglo-Saxons, an argument that never had any foundation in fact and has been disproved time and again. But the truth is that public apathy toward opera is international and is as widespread and devastating in the home of opera, sunny Italy, as in our own jazz-mad, machine-ridden land.

I revisited the tiny town set over near the Adriatic where I made my début twenty years ago. Old friends were there, including, besides the owner of the leading café, the tenor of that earlier day, who had given up the career because, as he explained, the lyric theatre had fallen on evil days.

"Do you realize," he asked, "the year you and I sang together there were 200 lyric theatres open in carnival season in Italy? This year there were nine."

The figures may not be exact, but allowing for gross exaggeration, an almost universal tenor failing, the situation indicates beyond question that, in spite of economic depressions and all the war excuses that can be mustered in defense, so far as opera is concerned there is something not so fresh in the state of Denmark.

Mr. Gatti-Casazza, in an extremely well-considered article last year, pointed out that the lessening public interest was due to the fact that no new operas of any permanent value were being written today. Glancing back over the last quarter of a century, with the exception of *Rosenkavalier*, *L'Amore dei tre Re*, and *The Girl of the Golden West* (a bad third), nothing has been produced which has held its place in the repertoire. The twenty-five previous years gave us *Parsifal*, *Othello*, *Falstaff*, *Manon*, *Louise*, *Hansel und Gretel*, all of the worthwhile Puccini, *Cavalleria* and *Pagliacci*, to mention a few at random, and a goodly number of lesser works. This dearth of new compositions to quicken and keep alive the interest of music lovers actual, as well as potential, is without doubt the cause of the very marked falling off in the interest as well as the enthusiasm of the opera public the world over. Various reasons have been advanced to explain this dearth of new operas and the blame has been put on everything from the form itself, which is claimed to be obsolete and outworn, to that universal nemesis of all things good and worthy—our dear old modern civilization.



A distinguished music critic in a recent article suggested that the operatic form does not commend itself to the contemporary artist as an effective medium for the expression of our times. *Jonny Spielt auf* proved that quite conclusively, but opera has rarely, if ever, been a successful expression of its time. The beauty and effectiveness seem to increase as the square of the distance, and in fact the most effective and moving of all deal with times so remote that they never existed, with myth and fantasy, with life as it never was nor could have been. So it is not that "the time is out of joint," but that we are passing through a period of acute sterility in operatic composition. I agree that opera is ill of a serious malady, that there is grave fear for its recovery, but I believe the case is far from hopeless. The question is what remedies to apply to strengthen the patient through this period of constitutional weakness until Nature takes the matter in hand and brings health and vigor back in the form of the pulsing, vital life blood of creative writing for the modern lyric stage. A very intelligent and astute moving picture executive, who is also an opera subscriber (there are a few such *rarae aves*, popular tradition to the contrary notwithstanding), remarked not long ago, "Opera is the only merchandise being sold to the public in the same package in which it was offered fifty years ago. It's the only amusement commodity that hasn't changed the wrapper." On the whole, that is true and unless opera is to languish and die that aspect of the question must be considered.

The singing, in spite of the rosy tinge time gives to memories, is probably, on the average, of as high an order as at the golden "turn of the century." Taking the soprano, contralto, tenor, bass and baritone choirs as a whole, the average vocal endowment, with one odd exception, is as rich as in those early days. The exception, curiously enough, is the

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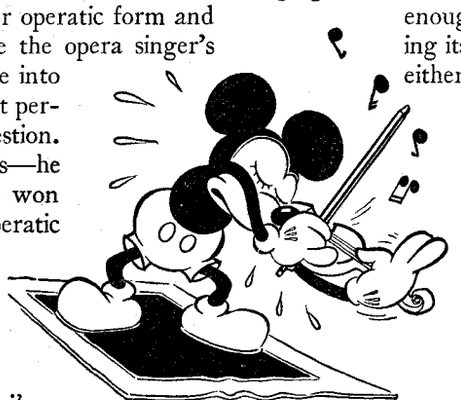
baritone, considered the most common of the male voices. The luscious, adequate voice of a Sammarco, an Ancona, a Campanari, not to mention the king of them all, Battistini, would make the average leading heavy of any opera house in the world sound weak. With this strange exception, the vocal endowment of the leading artists is as rich as of yore. There is, of course, an artistic stature, an emotional and intellectual bigness possessed by a few, not by any means all, of the artists of that time which is missing today. We have only a Chaliapin to balance perhaps three or four supreme artists of that earlier period.

The orchestra is undoubtedly infinitely superior and the same is true of the stage settings. The conducting, on the other hand, is definitely inferior. This may or may not be due to a lack of available talent to draw on, but my opinion is that it is not. In the United States today there is only one first-class conductor directing operatic performances. The injection of some vital, talented conducting into operatic performances would do much to stimulate the waning interest of the public, but important as that would be as a restorative, it is as nothing to the electrical effect that could be obtained by what our movie friend called "changing the package"—the dramatic presentation.

Operatic stage direction and acting have stood stock still for fifty years. With a few rare exceptions, the average opera singer is a "ham" of the first water. The reasons for this, due to the conventions imposed by the earlier operatic form and the forces that shape the opera singer's career, could be gone into at length, but are not pertinent to the question. The statement stands—he is a "ham" and has won his place in the operatic world by the beauty of his voice and his talent for song. His dramatic instinct is dormant and his technique is *nil*. If this is true of the singers taking the principal parts, it is doubly true, again with rare exceptions, of the lesser singers playing minor rôles. In the chorus we reach the bottom of the scale. More blasé, stereotyped "action" than that of the chorus in opera is impossible to imagine. The mass movement and thrilling effects obtained by group action on the dramatic stage are almost unknown in the lyric theatre, where greater opportunities occur in rich profusion.



Even Mickey Mouse, an international virtuoso, has contributed to the decline of opera

A complete change in the "dramatic wrapper"—what does it mean? It means at least adequate acting on the part of the principals and chorus, and above all intelligent dramatic direction, coördinating, giving shape, proportion and accent to the performance as a whole. The dual nature of opera, a mating of music and drama, must be recognized in the light of our modern attitude toward marriage. No longer can music maintain the rôle of the dominant, commanding husband whose word is law and who suffers his wife what freedom and grace of existence he sees fit. There must be a partnership of equal rights and responsibilities, where each is willing to make concessions to the other so that the union may endure. That music has been a brutal husband no one can deny, and his long-suffering mate, poor pathetic little drama, has taken many a violent beating in public. In short, if opera is to continue as a vital, living art form, its dramatic presentation must be immeasurably improved and brought up to something at least approximating the standards of the dramatic theatre.

When at the finish of the first act of *Tristan*, for example, where Wagner has provided a musical atmosphere denoting the end of the voyage, the conclusion of an episode, where the music breathes excitement and the sense of a new mood impending, one sees a chorus looking to the four points of the compass, futilely and faint-heartedly describing circles with their swords and caps, singing that stunning chorus well enough but absolutely killing its dramatic value, one either laughs or cries, depending on where one has dined and how. To see Kurvenal in the last act, as he attacks the henchmen of Tristan, pause in furious combat, turn to the audience and, beating time with his trusty steel and unengaged left hand, hurl his few phrases to the audience while he exposes his back to his enemies, who obligingly wait to resume the mortal battle—is to witness the absolute zero of dramatic illusion. These are not just words, these things actually happen in the finest lyric theatre in the world today and are not rare exceptions but typical. The dramatic stage has remained plastic and has been moulded to new ideas and times—in short, it is a living art. Dramatically the lyric stage "set" fifty years ago; it has remained frozen and unchanged.

Progressing from the general to the particular, let us consider the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, where one sees performances of a general excellence to be found nowhere else in the world today—undoubtedly the finest lyric theatre of our time. The powers there would probably reply, "Most of what you say is true. We are completely aware of the dramatic shortcomings, only, my friend, you forget several things. First, we must find great voices, and unfortunately they are often vested in persons with very little dramatic talent. Second, the immense repertoire we are required to give precludes the possibility, from the point of view of time alone, of the rehearsals necessary to achieve the results you desire; and third, opera is the most expensive form of entertainment in the world, in New York alone has it been made to pay for itself. The intensive rehearsals such changes would necessitate would not only wear the singers out but would make the cost prohibitive and run us into a huge deficit."

All three objections can be met and answered. First, it is, of course, true that an operatic voice is not always accompanied by marked dramatic ability, but an operatic voice and a real talent for singing are rarely present in any one who has not a potential dramatic gift of no mean proportions. All that the average opera singer needs is some guidance and help to meet the more exacting demands of the new order. Many of them have barely learned the rudiments of dramatic technique and from one season's end to another rarely get a suggestion as to how to improve their performances dramatically except from friendly and more expert fellow artists. Adamo Didur, one of the best actors on the operatic stage today, once confided to me that for years he had been an appallingly bad actor until his eyes had been opened for him by the stage director of a small opera house in Russia, and being intelligent and dramatically ambitious, he proceeded to make himself an actor.

The pressure of repertoire, the position the musical conductor has assumed in the lyric theatre as commander-in-chief—generalissimo of the forces—have made this unfortunate condition inevitable. They have stage directors of ability and imagination at the Metropolitan, but they are hamstrung so far

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A Bewildered Feminist

By BEATRICE CHAUVENET

FOR several years I have been called upon to address the girls of the high school and other secondary schools of our town during Business Women's Week. I feel that I should not be guilty of inflicting on them the customary platitudes about loyalty, neatness, accuracy, honesty, diligence and all the other virtues of business life that are so laboriously taught and often, alas, so blithely disregarded. I want to give them something definite, tangible—but what shall it be?

My great-grandparents unquestioningly raised their girls to be housewives. My grandparents educated eight daughters to be school teachers. My parents sent my sister and me to college, and waited with no little apprehension to see what would be our own choice of careers. I was brought up expecting to earn my own living. General directions for life, tacitly given, seemed to be, "Get somebody to support you if you can. But in case you shouldn't be able to, take out a life insurance policy in the form of a teacher's certificate, a secretary's diploma or something similar. Prepare yourself for independence."

When concocting advice, one must either draw from her own experience or from the experience of others. I tried the latter first and went to the public prints. Heaven knows that everybody in the world has lately become literate on the subject of women's careers. There I found confusion worse confounded.

There were articles dissecting the business woman, much as if she were an experimental guinea pig, and coming to the conclusion that she has no sense of humor, that she is a social bore, that she really has no freedom and is bound in serfdom. Yet hundreds of business colleges and secretarial schools are busy teaching increasing numbers of young women all the tricks in the business bag.

An interview quoted J. B. Priestley as saying, "Women are not psychologically adapted to business life." Yet only today I heard an address by Mrs. Geline Bowman, president of the National Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs, in which she said, "The eyes of the business world are on you women, expecting great things of you."

Obviously I wasn't getting anywhere with this sort of thing. I turned back to my own experience.

A favorite adage of my early youth had something to do with the color of distant pastures. But if one has been adventurous enough to sample all the grass in sight, one might be presumed to have some basis of comparison.

I know whereof I speak on the subject of home-wife versus job-life, because I've tried both. Before my marriage I held two jobs, the first a clerical job in New York City, the second a teaching post in Detroit. After I gave up single blessed independence (a step I have never regretted for a moment) I spent some time as a "leisurely housewife." Then I did substitute teaching, ran a small library, acted as a hostess for a tourist company and finally worked into a small-town abstract business.

When I took on a full-time job in the abstract office four years ago I tried for a while to do my housework with the help of the laundry and a cleaning woman once a week. It didn't work. My husband suggested that no man on earth would think it necessary to prepare three meals a day, tidy the house, wash the dishes and launder his underwear, in addition to doing an eight-hour office job. I got a maid.

Now, I find that this freedom business is pretty much of a myth in any case. Our home is modern in every respect, with most of the electrical devices that make for efficient operation. We have no children, though my younger sister lives with us. As a housewife, the preparation of three meals, including planning, marketing, cooking and cleaning up the kitchen, involved a job that began at 7 in the morning and was completed about 8 in the evening. In the spare time of this rather long day I made beds, cleaned the house, did necessary mending, shopped for clothes, laundered my personal things and such linen as I hated to trust to machinery, kept bureau drawers and linen closets tidy and found that I had just about enough spare time for a bath and fresh clothes before beginning the evening meal.

The advantages of this sort of life lay in the fact that my schedule was elastic and the dishes could be stacked if I chose. When a member of my family was ill or we had a house guest, I was there to take charge. I could take a couple of hours off to attend a luncheon or tea and I could slip into that crisp dress and powder my nose before my husband arrived at 5:30. The disadvantages were numerous. For some reason washing dishes and making beds for a living did seem a sort of waste of my expensive education. Fidelia, the maid, does a much better job on the pots and pans, in spite of all my modern appliances. She is a better duster than I, too.

I am fundamentally unable to resist a house-to-house salesman, not that I want every product I see, but I feel so sorry for him. I would spend hours of agony every week because I had turned away some soul who might be "down and out" and totally discouraged, or because I had weakly succumbed to a youth seeking an education and had renewed subscriptions to everything on his list for the next four years.

I missed the stimulus of adult companionship all day long. There was nothing fresh at the end of the day to bring to the dinner table except petty bickerings with the huckster or the amazing increase in the month's electric bill. I felt out of touch with the world of important things and such reading as I was able to squeeze in did not take the place of actual experiencing.

As for the full-time office job, my salary, though not remarkably large, pays a maid to do all the housework over which I used to agonize, and makes a substantial payment on our house besides. I still have to do many personal things for myself, but I have turned into a capable abstractor and I get more stimulus out of searching for a missing deed than I used to get out of looking for dust under the furniture. I avoid all the house-to-house canvassers, for which I daily thank my stars. I don't miss the luncheons and teas much, because I have companionship all day long and don't need such contacts to keep my sanity.

So much for my own case. Helen Jones, who works in my office, has a very capable maid to look after her two small children. She claims that she is not half as tired at the end of a long day of punching a typewriter as she is at the end of a

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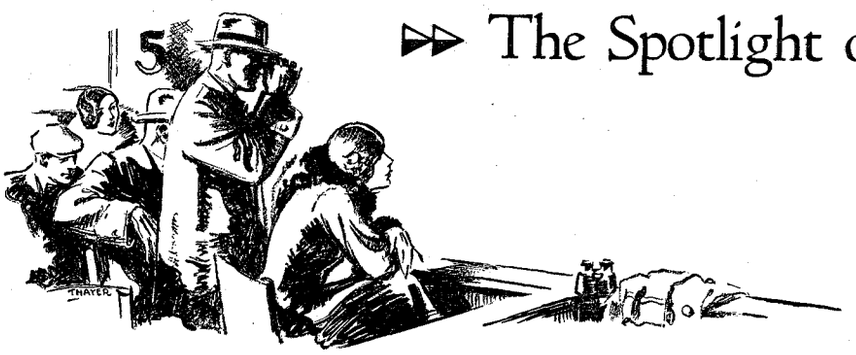
The Spotlight on Sports



East Meets West

As THIS ISSUE of the *Outlook* appears, the Sixteenth Tournament of Roses football match gets under way in the Pasadena Rose Bowl. It is an exotic setting for an athletic spectacle.

Pasadena lolls drowsily in orchard country, the snow-capped, pink-tinted Sierra Madre range forming a Joseph Urban backdrop for the orange groves, live oaks and eucalyptus trees that fill the eye in the foreground. It is something of a show place, the garish mansions of corset kings, tooth paste princes and cosmetic counts dotting the quiet landscape with blatant atrocities in white stucco and red tile.

A guide will point out to you these palaces of commerce. "Yonder is the house that 'Gloriana Girdles built,' he tells you, pointing out a rococo 'sumptuosity'; over there is the home of the originator of Opaque Petticoats—he made his fortune just in time." A little farther you come upon the opulent residence of the Youneeda Hairnet manufacturer who "got his" before the pendulum of fashion swung to bobbed hair coiffures.

This, the Mecca of retired standard-brand panjandrums, is the scene of the annual East-West football match on New Year's Day. That term is a geographic anomaly. By "West" is meant only the Pacific Coast; whereas "East" is outlandishly comprehensive, embracing as it does the entire region east of the Sierra Nevada mountains and including such unrelated sections as the Southwest, the deep South, the Missouri Valley, the Corn Belt and the Atlantic seaboard. To employ a British expression, this Rose Bowl series actually involves the Pacific Coast against "The Rest." The cosmopolitan character of the teams representing "the East" may be gathered from this roster of visiting elevens—Michigan, Brown, Pennsylvania, Harvard, Ohio State, Penn State, Navy, Notre Dame, Alabama, Georgia Tech and Pittsburgh.

This year Tulane University—situated in that typically "Eastern" city, New Orleans—was invited to act as a foil for the Pacific champion, Southern California.

Southern and Midwestern teams have saved "the East" from complete humiliation in this series. Thanks to victories recorded by Michigan, Notre Dame, Alabama and Georgia Tech, the so-called East has achieved an even split in the series, which stand six games won, six lost and three tied. Harvard is the only team from the East proper to win at Pasadena, and thereby hangs a tale.

In December, 1919, when Harvard received an invitation to the Rose Bowl, it happened that America's oldest university was in the throes of an endowment fund drive. National publicity was needed to reach the predetermined quota, and campaign managers argued that a football argosy would focus nation-wide attention on Harvard and stimulate subscriptions from alumni and the hinterland. Thus did time-honored Beacon Hill prejudices give way to expediency.

Harvard crossed the Continental Divide on a football argosy and the Crimson endowment drive went over the top. What's more, Harvard beat a great Oregon team 7 to 6—the one and only Rose Bowl triumph scored by an Atlantic seaboard eleven. The decisive Harvard touchdown was engineered on a pass from Eddie Casey, now Crimson coach, to "Win" Churchill, who was as blind as a bat without his glasses. "I'm going to throw the ball to you," Casey whispered in the huddle, "just stand in the end zone and hold out your hands—I'll put the pigskin right in your mitts; you don't have to see it." Casey did and Churchill didn't, but he hung on to the ball!

Western Supremacy

No SOUTHERN TEAM had lost a game in the Rose Bowl when these lines were written, but by the time they are read that spotless Dixie record may have been blotched by the hoof marks of Southern California's Thundering Herd.

Imagine the football forces of Harvard, Yale, Dartmouth, Brown, Williams and Holy Cross amalgamated in one super-squad representing the University of New England! If you can visualize the sort of team that would result from such a merger you have a fair idea of the man power that the University of Southern California can throw against a luckless rival. Small wonder that as fine a team as Georgia was sandbagged 60 to 0 by the ruthless Trojans.

Our hypothetical University of New England team would boast a backfield picked from such an agglomeration of stars as Morton and McCall of Dartmouth; Crickard, Wood, Mays, White, and Schereschewsky of Harvard—but why go on? You get the idea. So do the hapless opponents of Southern California.

Summarized briefly, the reasons for the supremacy of Pacific Coast football may be set forth thus: One, concentration of material in a relatively few colleges instead of widespread distribution. The Pacific littoral is almost as long as the Atlantic seaboard by air line, yet the Far West has only six major universities to the Atlantic's twenty-odd! This massing of man-power in a few schools is the true secret of Far Western grid-iron hegemony—yet strangely enough it has been overlooked in the press. Two, earlier maturing of Pacific Coast athletes due to the benign climate which permits out of door exercise the whole year round. California-bred boys are taller, heavier and tougher-fibered on the average than their contemporaries from less favored sections. Three, greater length of time available for practice on the Pacific Coast. The football season can continue through the winter months if coaches desire to work out new formations, condition players and tutor them in fundamentals. Rain, snow, icebound and mud-sheathed fields are virtually unknown. Four, a keener zest for football on the part of the Far Western schools and public. This sophomoric urge to achieve football domination has been transferred from the now sophisticated East to the youthful, exuberant West. They pay bigger salaries in California and thus get the cream of the coaching talent.

Football at the University of Southern California is regarded as a civic enterprise by Los Angeles. The success of the Trojan eleven serves as ammunition for the Native Son boosters. Football, one suspects, links with the Chamber of Commerce as a ballyhoo agency.

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Many of the U. S. C. stars are enrolled in the physical education department. They are studying to be athletic directors, gymnasium instructors, football coaches, recreational workers and boys' camp counsellors. It hardly seems fair to pit undergraduates who are taking rigorous classical and cultural courses against boys who are studying physical education! I believe that football practice actually counts as "hours" toward a degree in the latter course of study.

"You can take a team from the Pacific to the Atlantic coast without any debilitating effects on your men," said Pop Warner, "but if you reverse the transcontinental journey and travel from east to west, you're out of luck. The transition from cold to heat is weakening to the human system. Conversely, my Stanford boys were invigorated by the trip to Boston."

GEORGE TREVOR.

A Bewildered Feminist

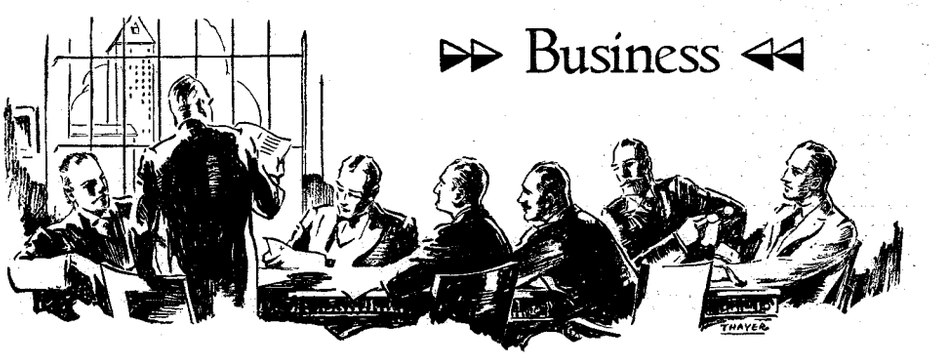
(Continued from Page 19)

long Sunday when the maid is off. Similarly my college roommate, Sally Martin, pays her housekeeper out of her teacher's salary, and claims that she gets much more out of life that way, and has more to give to her two charming sons and her successful lawyer husband.

On the other hand, my neighbor, Mary Smith, just loves to keep house and does a beautiful job of it. Her chief interest in life is in jelly recipes, romper patterns and cross-stitch fancy work to pick up in her spare time. The radio supplies her with all the mental stimulus she wants and she seems to be a well-satisfied wife and mother.

My pioneering ancestors instilled in me the belief that the world owed no man or woman a living. Honest work faithfully done has never been considered a curse in our household. Perhaps the best thing I can tell these high school girls is to work in a congenial occupation and then rejoice and be exceeding glad that everybody in the world doesn't want the same thing.

One woman's meat: another woman's poison. A great deal of modern psychology and mental testing is probably the buncombe but it seems to me that a real service would be rendered women if some one at Columbia were to make the revolutionary discovery that in adult females there are individual differences. Education, environment, natural inclination and previous condition of servitude affect women as well as men. It is dangerous to generalize.



▶▶ Business ◀◀

▶▶*Free Wheeling*

As was expected, business finished out the year with gears in neutral. For several months it had been convinced that nothing very good could come out of 1931, and this conviction was reflected in declines in most of the business indices, including the most dependable index of all—loadings of revenue freight.

The financial structure was, however, somewhat strengthened by one development in the international situation and two in our national affairs. Abroad, the advisory committee of the Bank for International Settlements completed a long and difficult job of planning, and here the Interstate Commerce Commission granted the carriers an increase in freight rates estimated at from $100,000,000 to $125,000,000 and the Brotherhood representatives voted to set a definite date for a joint meeting with the railway executives on the wage-reduction problem.

Holiday trade held up fairly well throughout the country. Unit sales were generally as large as last year, but lower prices reduced the dollar volume and the profit margin. In the case of the chains, even the volume compared favorably with last year, the department stores being the chief sufferers from reduced price schedules.

Securities registered a moderate reaction from the slight show of optimism observable during the preceding week, due possibly to uncertainty as to what is coming out of Washington in the course of the next few months. It is extremely unlikely that the investment markets will show much firmness or consistency until Congress takes definite action on the Walcott bill for the creation of a Reconstruction Finance Corporation.

INDICES

(A two-minute summary)

COMMODITY PRICES (Fisher's Index—1926=100) December 24—66.7. (Crump's British Index—1926 =100) December 24—65.8.

CAR LOADINGS (American Railway Assn.) Week ended December 12—613,534 cars (reduction of 22,832 under preceding week and of 130,819 under same week of 1930).

STEEL INGOT PRODUCTION Week ended December 19 —24% of capacity (reduction of 1% under preceding week and of 10% under same week of 1930).

CRUDE OIL PRODUCTION Week ended December 19—daily average gross 2,430,300 barrels (reduction of 26,350 under preceding week; increase of 228,100 over same week of 1930).

BANK CLEARINGS (as reported to Bradstreet's) Week ended December 24—$5,447,761,000 (reduction of $1,634,261,000 under preceding week and of $1,929,858,000 under same week of 1930).

FAILURES (as reported to R. G. Dun & Co.) Week ended December 24—563 (reduction of 104 under preceding week; increase of 106 over same week of 1930).

▶▶*Cost-Pruning in* 1931

AT LEAST one group of wholesalers—the drug jobbers—learned something about the reduction of overhead during a year whose exit is marked by cheers rather than tears. The average of 14 per cent has been reduced in most cases to 12 or 13, and in a few instances to 9 or 10 per cent.

In reporting this achievement, E. L. Newcomb, secretary of the National Wholesale Druggists' Association, made it clear that the changes made in methods and operations are applicable to almost any line of wholesaling. They include economies in the billing of orders, stock handling, inventory control, packaging and delivery.

Some of the most ingenious improvements were effected in the shipping departments. For example, the use of second-hand wood and corrugated paper boxes cut close to 70 per cent from the cost of new packages. Wholesalers using excelsior for packing found that they could reduce the consumption of that material 10 or 15 per cent by wetting down the excelsior the day before it was to be used in packing.

An exchange system has been devised whereby stocks of articles which are "slow sellers" in one part of the country can be quickly sent to districts where they are in greater demand. Fast-moving units have been grouped in a "master stock," with savings of from 8 to 10 per cent in the cost of handling.

The drug wholesalers are not only

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resourceful but also willing to share generously with jobbers in other lines the ideas they have developed and applied so successfully. Making the best of a bad year, they have earned the congratulations and the gratitude of the entire wholesaling division of American business.

▶▶ *All About the P. O.*

NOT even our friend Hawkshaw, the detective, has been able to find out how Clyde Kelly, congressman from Pennsylvania, came to be a specialist in Post Office department affairs. Possibly his newspapers didn't get to the customers quite promptly enough, but in any event his *United States Postal Policy* (Appleton, $2) amply justifies his membership in the Post-office and Post-roads Committee of the House of Representatives.

The book is appropriately dedicated to "the millions of postal workers who, over the years and generations, have answered the challenge of service by devotedly building a friendly, helpful, coöperative institution which is one of the modern wonders of the world."

In this volume interested readers, and there should be many of them, will find a complete history of the United States Post Office and an admirable statement of the services it now offers. While much of the material is, from the nature of the subject, factual, it is shot through with a most engaging idealism. Mr. Kelly likes that inscription "For the Happiness of the People" that is carved on the marble front of the new Post Office building in Richmond, Virginia.

It is certainly true, as Mr. Kelly says, that no governmental agency comes so close to the innermost interests of so many people as the United States Post Office. It helps to obliterate sectional lines and to neutralize class prejudices. It also —but you really must excuse us. We have to go and put this copy in the mail.

FRANK A. FALL.

SOME unimaginative critics have recently wondered what *Reunion in Vienna* would be like without the invaluable presence of Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt. As that brilliant pair *is* in Mr. Sherwood's very pleasant comedy, the question seemed merely unnecessary and academic; all that appeared called for was to be thankful that there they were in a play which gave them a chance to display their wares to advantage. Going further into the matter is, to me, verging on the pointless. However, the production of *The Bride the Sun Shines On*, with Henry Hull in the leading man's part, does make me wistfully wonder just how good it would have been with the right actor in it. There must be those whom Mr. Hull's charm does not elude (I've met two people who didn't think he was ridiculous playing the part of Machiavelli a few years back!), but casting him as what was obviously meant to be a charming and flirtatious musician socially acceptable to the Westchester *élite* to me occasioned a major tragedy. Having been a juvenile actor for over twenty years, he has learned all the tricks of the trade except how to make his words intelligible, but they are only tricks at best. Mr. Hull never gives one the impression that he really understands a single line that he is speaking.

NEVERTHELESS, so amusing is Will Cotton's first play to be produced in New York that the other players are easily able to maintain it as something that should not be missed by any liker of witty farce. Dorothy Gish, as *The Bride the Sun Shines On*, is delicious throughout. She is marrying a dull and humorless, but upstanding, young man mainly out of pique with the character attempted by Mr. Hull. Sam Wren as the bridegroom couldn't be improved upon; nor could Jessie Busley as the mother. Mr. Cotton, whom we knew previously as a painter and caricaturist of uncommon ability, obviously knows his Westchester weddings and he writes for the stage with a humor spiced with malice that makes him a welcome addition to the list of urbane American playwrights. The second-act curtain alone to me would make a visit to *The Bride the Sun Shines On* worth while—not only because Mr. Hull is subjected to physical violence. Lapsing for a moment into constructive criticism, I would say that if I were a manager in possession of a manuscript like Mr. Cotton's I would not produce it until I could get Leslie Banks to play in it.

THE latest work by Lula Vollmer to reach New York is *Sentinels*. The title alludes to the good old Negro servants in the South who have more pride in the maintenance of the good name of the old families they work for than the members of the families themselves. By way of showing this, Miss Vollmer, previously favorably known as the author of the folk-drama, *Sun Up*, has the scion of one of these clans commit a murder and the Negro mammy force her own son into a self-sacrificing false confession of the crime. That situation is a little hard for me to swallow without the knowledge of more instances of similar behavior on the part of the ex-slaves than I possess, but even if it were an everyday occurrence below the Mason-Dixon line, it would be impossible to forgive the author the amount of tedious narration of previous events in which she indulges and to condone the shopworn state of the phrases with which she adorns her tale. An interesting experiment which my companion and I performed is to leave *Sentinels* when it is half way finished, cross the street and see the second part of *The House of Connelly*, which again occupies the Mansfield Theatre, and witness the intelligent conclusion of what began as being awfully close to the same play as *Sentinels*. Both deal with the decadence of an old Southern family, both have their loyal Negro servants (beautifully acted), but Paul Green can draw real characters with the feeling of a poet and knows that important events should occur while a play is going on and not have to be narrated. Uneven as some of the performances are, it is a pleasure to be able to remind you that *The House of Connelly* is again being performed by the Group Theatre.

OTIS CHATFIELD-TAYLOR.

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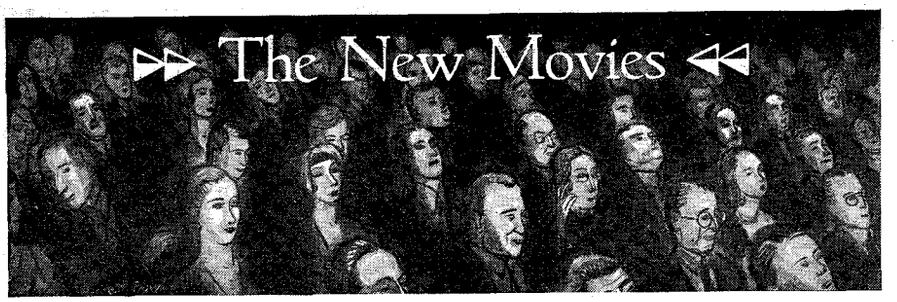

"*Mickey's Orphans*"

It is a real pleasure to be able to report that Walt Disney's electrifying and genuinely funny animated cartoons are holding up so well year after year. For the recent Christmas season Mr. Disney produced *Mickey's Orphans*, in which Mickey and Minnie are enjoying Christmas Eve in the old family homestead. Minnie is playing *Silent Night* on the old organ, while Mickey is trimming the tree. Comes a ring on the doorbell! Out on the snowy stoop they discover a large basket filled with foundlings . . . . hundreds of minute kittens who romp through the Mickey household and practically tear it apart in a frenzy of Christmas goodwill. Also very superior is Mr. Disney's Silly Symphony of *Mother Goose*.

"*Hell Divers*"

Using the men and ships of the U. S. Navy as actors and background, Metro has turned out still another Navy propaganda movie designed to squelch all pale-faced "pacificists" who quibble at giving that branch of the service a few additional millions. (In 1931 we spent $360,000,000 on our Navy.) What lobbies in Congress may not accomplish a sentimental, melodramatic movie is certain to do, for *Hell Divers* is handsome, thrilling and exciting. Most of the action —which features Wallace Beery—is on the *U. S. S. Saratoga*, one of the multi-million dollar cruising flying fields in which the Navy stows its planes. It is a mechanical triumph of which any population might well be proud. That you and I paid for it by the sweat of our brows and that it will probably be a rusty, obsolete relic before it ever gets into action are beside the point. All we are supposed to see are the pretty pictures in the movie theatres. Another thing we might consider at this point is that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer saved a good many hundreds of thousands of dollars by making this picture on Navy property . . . . and that the profits will be enormous. In recent years the same thing has been true of pictures made by Paramount, Fox, Columbia, Radio and other big companies. What it amounts to is this: we are allowing Navy property to be used by outside commercial enterprises in money-making projects. Why should we make gifts to movie companies?

Big navies seem to need a lot of publicity. Nearly all nations turn out films glorifying their equipment and teaching "patriotism" to reluctant taxpayers.

Worth Seeing

AROUND THE WORLD WITH DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS: A personally conducted tour through China, Japan, Siam, etc.

ARROWSMITH: Sinclair Lewis' novel done into an intelligent movie with Ronald Colman and Helen Hayes.

THE CHAMP: Wallace Beery and Jackie Cooper give two fine performances as a boozy old fighter and his small son.

FIVE STAR FINAL: Edward G. Robinson as the city editor of one of those little "love-nest" newspapers. A bitter denunciation.

PRIVATE LIVES: Norma Shearer and Robert Montgomery in a rather obvious but still amusing edition of Noel Coward's light comedy.

SOOKY: A successor to SKIPPY . . . . the same story all over again, but children don't mind that.

TONIGHT OR NEVER: Gloria Swanson in her newest romance—an opera singer seeking a lover.

While gangster films induce little boys to buy noisy cap pistols, glamorous militaristic movies prepare whole populations to go swarming at each other's throats.

As for *Hell Divers*, it is really a grand show, some of the pictures of planes and ships being among the finest. Wallace Beery and Clark Gable appear as the inevitable buddies who fight over girls in various ports. By all means see *Hell Divers*. The *U. S. S. Saratoga* is as beautiful a piece of machinery as our generation has produced, and I mean this.

Dr. Jeykll & Mr. Hyde

Equipped with a frizzly wig, a set of protruding false teeth and an enormous quantity of makeup, that nice Frederic March boy is now to be seen in an all-wheezing, all-groaning edition of *Dr. Jeykll & Mr. Hyde* which should cause Robert Louis Stevenson to do a couple of somersaults and a half a dozen cart-wheels in his grave. Does Mr. March have fun? Does he growl and gargle into the microphone? Does he wheeze and pant and "choo-choo" like the Twentieth Century tearing through Mud Center at sixty miles an hour? Hah! In this one film Mr. March becomes the *Dr. Caligari* and the *Tarzan* of the Paramount lot. He swings from chandeliers, leaps up and down staircases, races through darkened streets and chokes beautiful ladies with gusto. In his quieter moments he sits in his laboratory leering into testtubes and mixing himself smoking potions which he drinks with exhausting facial gymnastics. For sex appeal (ohboyohboyohboy!) we have pretty little Miriam Hopkins, as bewitching an 1890 trollope as ever slipped off her petticoats and made herself cozy among the pillows. When it comes to undressing, Miss Hopkins has it all over some of the old line screen actresses. She can do more with one stocking than Clara Bow could do with a whole bargain sale of lingerie. Where were we . . . . oh yes, the name of this picture is *Dr. Jeykll & Mr. Hyde*.

"*Heaven on Earth*"

A good example of one of Hollywood's major difficulties may be found in *Heaven on Earth*, a story of Mississippi steamboats, a colony of "po' white trash" who live along the river bank, and their bloody feuds. On the whole the film is exceedingly interesting and unusual. The bewhiskered old "po' whites" and their bedraggled women making themselves nets to keep away "the spirits" are colorful and well done. Lew Ayres, the river boy who goes over to the side of the shanty-dwellers, is good, and the photography and direction are well above par. Everything is fine, in fact, until we come to the heroine, as coy and simpering a peroxide platinum blonde as ever came out of the Hollywood beauty foundries. The poor girl is no longer a person; she is merely Blonde No. 42,827, and as such is fantastically out of place in the shabby shanty-boat settlement. I must also mention the final storm in which the boats are destroyed. It is one of those storms found only in movie studios. So what have we—a swell picture of a little-known phase of American folk-life, ruined by a cute-cutie blonde and an overdone storm scene.

"*Zwei Menschen*"

German-speaking audiences should watch out for *Zwei Menschen*, made

(Continued on Page 29)

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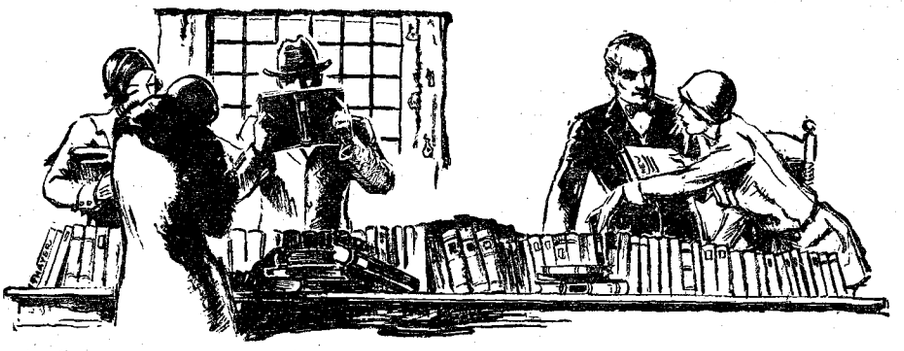
The New Books



Woodrow Wilson, Leader

AT FIRST, Woodrow Wilson was dubious regarding the efficacy of politics. George Harvey, whose motives were sometimes a shade obscure, had suggested in 1906 that the head of Princeton University might some day become president of the United States. Dr. Wilson had assured Colonel Harvey that it "was most delightful to have such thoughts uttered about me, whether they are deserved or not," but his doubts were not dispelled. Three or four months later, in an interview in the New York *Times*, he said that the problems which beset the nation were best solved by some council divorced from those who held office. In passing, he remarked that Theodore Roosevelt, ending his reign, "no sooner thinks than he talks . . . . a miracle not wholly in accord with the educational theory of forming an opinion."

The third and fourth volumes of the official biography of Woodrow Wilson (*Life and Letters, Woodrow Wilson*, by Ray Stannard Baker, two volumes, Doubleday Doran, $10) offer the story of those cataclysmic changes which launched the pedagogue into the very arena whose effectiveness as a battleground he had viewed with misgivings. By all precedents he should have failed ignobly. But when Woodrow Wilson failed, and he did, it was with the high nobility of an obstinate idealist. He was, as William Bolitho wrote, one of the twelve who stood against the gods, one of the few men in history who dared to adventure alone. He was almost unique in history in that he stood against the gale, not for himself or his own destiny but for conceptions of democracy. He believed, not as Roosevelt did, that fighting for the right was a noble sport, but that mankind could be led along the paths to true democracy and to peace. To Wilson it was not sport, it was a consecrated cause. The fighting was lonely and defeat made him bitter. So he died, hated and defeated. So his ideas lived on.

Mr. Baker, in these two volumes of his long task, tells how Wilson became governor of New Jersey and then president. The next volumes will tell of the war years. He is handicapped by the obligation so often imposed on the official biographer, the necessity of presenting his subject in the most favorable light. The truly dramatic story of Wilson is somewhat lost in a fog of letters and documents, and the book becomes a history rather than a biography. It suffers, too, because the other characters of the drama are never more than unsubstantial shadows and because Mr. Baker, doubtless through lack of space, largely ignores the background. But too little credit has been given, I think, to the author's honesty in giving all the facts. The reader need not be dominated, necessarily, by Mr. Baker's friendly attitude. The débâcle of the Mexican situation is presented at length. The characteristics which made Wilson fail are not omitted. This is, for example, a vastly more honest book than the apologia, called a biography, which Joseph Bucklin Bishop wrote after Roosevelt had passed from the American scene.

WILSON was a leader. It seems incredible, in this day when presidents are timid and candidates for the presidency evasive, that a Chief Executive could say what he thought and then throw every ounce of his great strength toward fulfillment of his program. Popularity, Wilson said in 1914, was not the road to success, even in politics: "The way to success in this great country . . . . is to show that you are not afraid of anybody except God and His final verdict." The cynics will sneer at this, as they have done at Wilson so many times. Incredibly, if you like, it was really true of him. He was not afraid. As governor of New Jersey he was well aware that the presidential nomination lay just ahead. He was well aware that the party bosses control a national convention. And yet he fought those bosses with vast energy and defeated them. As soon as he became president he attacked the issues before which Roosevelt and Taft had paled—the tariff and currency reform. He fought the bankers to establish the Federal Reserve System and he dominated his own party to lower the tariffs. Perhaps those were the years of his greatest satisfaction. A new day seemed to have dawned and he was its dominant spokesman.

Woodrow Wilson was nominated for the presidency because the conservatives believed him less dangerous than Roosevelt, La Follette or Bryan and because they knew that the tide of progressivism could no longer be ignored. He was nominated, if the politics of the situation are considered, because Bryan threw Wilson the progressive bloc at the National Convention and thereby overcame the opposition of Tammany Hall. Behind all this, of course, lay a demand for progressive legislation which had gathered force ever since, in the 90's, Bryan had first become the spokesman of the oppressed. It had been nurtured by Roosevelt and La Follette. Wilson was the one who carried into execution so many of the projects they had fostered.

Wilson began his attacks with overwhelming force; Mr. Baker has definitely contributed to an understanding of the president's character in pointing out that he won his first victories and had a great following squarely behind him. Then he pushed on, the obstinate idealist, to more rarified realms and too often he walked alone. This was so in the reforms at Princeton. It was so as governor of New Jersey. It was so in the fight for the end of war, the final fight which, as Mr. Baker says, broke his heart.

What to Read

FICTION

The Weather Tree, by Maristan Chapman: Viking. Another story of the Tennessee mountains by the author of The Happy Mountains.

Maid in Waiting, by John Galsworthy: Scribners. A quiet drama of English life. Readers of Mr. Galsworthy's Forsyte chronicles will find a few old friends.

The Almond Tree, by Grace Zaring Stone: Bobbs, Merrill. The story of three sisters.

Westward Passage, by Margaret Ayer Barnes: Houghton Mifflin. On a transatlantic steamer a happily married woman falls in love again with her divorced husband.

The Fatal Five Minutes, by R. A. J. Walling: Morrow. Credible, exciting and well written detective story.

NON-FICTION

Life and Letters, Woodrow Wilson, by Ray Stannard Baker: Doubleday. Third and fourth volumes of the official biography.

Theodore Roosevelt, A Biography, by Henry F. Pringle: Harcourt, Brace. The first full and impartial biography of T. R.

The Work, Wealth and Happiness of Mankind, by H. G. Wells: Doubleday, Doran. The third part of Mr. Wells's massive trilogy.

Bernard Shaw, by Frank Harris. Simon & Schuster: An unconventional "unauthorized" biography.

Free Wheeling, by Ogden Nash; Simon & Schuster. Amusing light verse.

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The two volumes by Mr. Baker, together with the two that have already appeared and the two or more which will follow, are the raw material for the ultimate understanding of Woodrow Wilson. The author submits evidence again and again to prove that Wilson was not the hard, cold, aloof individualist which history has thus far judged him. He was shy. He was warm-hearted. He suffered as few men have suffered because of his inability to make more of the human contacts for which his heart yearned. Among the most valuable of the letters exhumed by Mr. Baker are those addressed by Woodrow Wilson to Mrs. Hulbert (who vaguely appeared as Mrs. Peck in the campaign days) and to other women. I wish that the Wilson estate would permit the publication of a volume consisting solely of such letters. They show another Wilson, a Wilson whom the public never knew. They reveal a man whose mind and whose heart responded to the intuitive sympathy and insight of intelligent and beautiful women. Such a volume would end forever the theory that he was cold and it would silence, too, the dirty rumors which once were current that something furtive or concealed lurked in these fine relationships.

HENRY F. PRINGLE.

The Week's Reading

Spenlove, that Old Man of the Sea, returns in *The Harbourmaster* (Doubleday Doran, $2.50) to smother in a heavy fog of words the tragic story of Frank Fraley, English sailor, and his exotic wife, Francine, who—Mr. Spenlove assures us many times—came up to him like a goddess out of the Aegean Sea. Evidently counting on our having forgotten *Captain Macedoine's Daughter*, Mr. William McFee assures us that Spenlove, chief engineer of the *Camotan*, never confesses nor confides, and then allows him to go up on the boat deck and relate, in two sittings, a 400-page story, to a casual group of passengers. It seems to us a great pity that Mr. McFee, who can write extremely well when he strikes away from the Conradian idiom, should in this book again have adopted it. For both method and manner are Conradian. Spenlove is another cynico-sentimental Marlowe, maundering on, and discussing each infinitesimal advance of the story at great length. The passengers, of course, would never have stood it. The first session must have lasted five or six hours. By the time it was a third over they'd have been down in the smoking room and Mr. Spenlove would have been addressing empty deck chairs, the cynically twinkling stars and the boundless and indifferent ocean. You will gather that we didn't like this book. You are right. Though there is incidentally much good writing and some of the material is very well handled indeed. As for the story: here are Frank and Francine who could live neither with nor without each other. Frank is honest and dumb, Francine is beautiful and dumb. Her directness and complete lack of conventionality irritate him; his honesty maddens her. Through her he loses his ship. He goes first to New York, then gets a job as harbormaster in Puerto Balboa. Here inevitable tragedy overtakes them both. And Mr. Spenlove sums up: "He found her on the sea and he should have lived with her on the sea. They were no match for the impersonal cunning of the social order. She came up out of the sea and ensnared his heart forever. He had no chart for that long stormy passage, and he foundered. But no worldly-wise man will shake my faith that those who have loved as they loved will find each other on the farther shore. I believe it because there was no evil in their hearts, only wild passion and impulse that sent them headlong into sin and folly. In my dreams I shall see them sailing together upon eternal summer seas."

The Harbourmaster is announced as the choice of the Literary Guild for January.

The Time Machine
By H. G. Wells
Random House, $12.50

Though in the new preface which Mr. Wells has written for this story, he remarks that "it seems a very undergraduate performance to its now mature writer," this reviewer wouldn't trade it for all the heavy and frequently tiresome volumes Mr. Wells has written since he gave up story writing and took to saving the world. For there were two men in Mr. Wells—a good novelist and a very tiresome person with an axe to grind, and the man with the axe slew the novelist. But here is one of those fantastic early stories, beautifully bound and printed in an edition limited to 1200 copies, and designed and illustrated by W. A. Dwiggins. We would like to see more of them rescued from oblivion.

Jumping the Horse
By Capt. V. S. Littauer
Derrydale Press, $10.00

A beautifully printed and illustrated textbook on jumping by the head of one of the largest riding schools in America. With close study of the action of the horse, through slow motion films, the art of jumping has changed greatly in the past decade or two. "The results of this study," says the author, "are that while conserving the horse's energy, we are at the same time able to obtain much greater jumps,

Use These SIMPLE TESTS *to Check Your* KNOWLEDGE—

CAN you consider yourself even moderately educated unless you have a grasp of the history of the human race—the record of what men and women did in the past to advance or retard civilization? It is safe to say that without such knowledge you must admit intellectual inferiority.

The editors of *The American Freeman*, a weekly journal of large and rapidly growing influence, have worked out two tests which should prove readily whether or not you are a person of KNOWLEDGE. This test is based on a five-volume set of books written for us by Henry Thomas, Ph.D., entitled *"The Story of the Human Race,"* a colossal and colorful biographical history of the world. (Farther down you will be told how you may obtain a FREE set of these five great volumes.)

***"The Story of the Human Race"* deals with world figures who made either constructive or destructive contributions to civilization. Not to know the order in which they appeared is to admit your knowledge of man's advance is completely inadequate. Therefore, we have listed below the great men who are discussed thoroughly in the five volumes of "The Story of the Human Race," *but we have scrambled them!* It is your job to unscramble them—that is to say, put them in chronological order—the order in which they appeared in the records of man's history. Start with No. 1—find him—identify him with a No. 1—then put a 2 before the second, and so on down the list.**

Number These World Figures in their Chronological Order:

☐ Petrarch	☐ Pericles	☐ Jesus
☐ Nero	☐ Gandhi	☐ Darwin
☐ Tolstoy	☐ Geo. Fox	☐ Marx
☐ Goethe	☐ Dante	☐ Bismarck
☐ Plato	☐ Cyrus	☐ Mazzini
☐ Voltaire	☐ Alexander	☐ Mohammed
☐ Moses	☐ Huss	☐ Luther
☐ Buddha	☐ Epicurus	☐ Torquemada
☐ Jeremiah	☐ Hannibal	☐ Spinoza
☐ Marco Polo	☐ Cato	☐ Shakespeare
☐ Lincoln	☐ Caesar	☐ Machiavelli
☐ Marcus Aurelius	☐ Lenin	☐ Columbus
☐ Confucius	☐ Constantine	☐ John Ball
☐ Francis of Assisi	☐ Charlemagne	☐ Joan of Arc

This is not an unreasonable test. No obscure names have been selected to confuse or trap you. *"The Story of the Human Race"* does not deal with any but the really great—either great for Good or great for Bad. Each person listed above is discussed completely in this 5½ x 8½ five-volume work of 150,000 words. If you did not pass the first test above, it is plain that you are in need of this useful, charming, entertaining historical masterpiece.

Now comes the SECOND TEST, which is even more important. You are now to begin at the first name above and go right through the list of world figures, giving short but comprehensive outlines of who they were, what they stood for, what they taught or advocated or achieved and in what manner they advanced or injured civilization. It is not enough to say that So-and-So was a philosopher. You must, to pass the test, outline briefly what he contributed to the world of thought and his influence on our thinking.

If there are serious gaps in your knowledge, you can remedy the lack by reading the original work from which we arranged this KNOWLEDGE TEST. As stated before, it is FREE, if you will subscribe for a year of *The American Freeman*, a weekly journal of original, fearless, independent thinking and expression. You will like this growing weekly periodical, and a year's subscription (52 issues) will cost you only $1 ($1.50 Canada and foreign). Send only $1 and you will get *The American Freeman* for a year and a FREE SET of the FIVE VOLUMES by Henry Thomas, entitled *"The Story of the Human Race."* Act today. This is a limited offer. The American Freeman, Desk T-10, Girard, Kansas.

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both in height and breadth, than ever before." This edition is limited to 950 copies.

Peter Arno's Circus
Liveright, $3.00

Another book of drawings, some reprinted from the *New Yorker*, but not nearly as good as the previous volumes. This one bears the mark of having been hastily thrown together and padded out by the inclusion of a number of uncaptioned drawings with nothing special to recommend them.

Doing Europe—and Vice Versa
By Don Herold
Little Brown, $1.50

Letters which Mr. Herold wrote from foreign parts to his wife, who stayed at home. This is not primarily a funny book, though much of it is funny, and the author's illustrations are always funny. Mr. Herold notices the things that an American would notice—lack of soap and size of bath towels in hotels, the muddle of English traffic, the lack of haircuts in Italy, the courtesy of the Germans. The things he specially liked are not always the things played up in the guidebooks, but if you're just going, or have just been, to Europe, his book will amuse you and give you a number of good suggestions.

The European Caravan
Edited by Samuel Putnam
Brewer, Warren & Putnam, $4.00

"An anthology of the new spirit in European literature," doing for France, Spain and England what the American Caravan does for America. For our personal taste, the work of the extreme left wing in literature is too individual, contorted, raucous or self-conscious. We have dipped here and there into this book. And we have a feeling that the only persons who can read these selections with pleasure are their respective authors. This is not true of all, but it is true of most. "Watch me, mamma!" is the spirit of most of it. However, if you want to know what it's like, here are dadaists, super-realists, creationists and the rest—translated, of course, for your benefit, in the case of French and Spanish authors—though, perhaps, if you don't understand these languages, they'd be more intelligible in the original.

Viking, $3.00
The Anthology of English Prose
Edited by Herbert Read and Bonamy Dobree

All prose, say the editors, is written for one of three purposes: to tell a story, to describe a thing or to produce an emotional effect in the reader. The many selections in this anthology have been chosen for the completeness with which they fill one or other of these purposes. Under the three divisions—narrative, scientific and emotive—you will find hundreds of selections, many of them, owing to this principle of selection, not usually included in such anthologies. Though containing 600 pages, the book is easy to handle, and has been attractively printed.

The Sweepstake Murders
By J. J. Connington
Little, Brown, $2.00

Your old friend Wendover was one of nine men who formed a syndicate with the 10-shilling tickets they had bought in the Derby Sweepstakes. Whichever won, they were to share equally. Then one died, and they agreed that only the living members should share. But as soon as the news came that the syndicate had won a quarter of a million pounds, the accidents began. One man fell over a cliff, another was killed in a motor smash, a third was crushed by a car driven by a fourth, who was apparently drunk. Naturally the surviving members began to wonder which of their number was behind these deaths, since with every one the individual shares mounted in value. Fortunately Sir Clinton Driffield was visiting Wendover, and with the aid of Inspector Bassett, he got to the bottom of a most ingenious murder plot. We recommend this one. Mr. Connington can always be counted on to give you full value for your money.

Safe Custody
By Dornford Yates
Minton Balch, $2.00

A swift, merry, romantic tale of two young men who set out to take possession of a castle in Carinthia which they had inherited. There is a mystery about the castle—something in it that a number of people are anxious to get. There's the horrid Count Haydn and his ghastly brother, the priest, in the nearby castle, and there's Harris and his gang of English cutthroats. And the first thing our heroes know they are knocked on the head, deprived of passports and money, and the enemy is in possession of the castle. Of course, Mr. Yates doesn't leave things that way. A wandering Englishman and the Count's niece, the beautiful Olivia Haydn, join them and they enter upon a wild campaign which will keep you on the edge of your chair until you finish the book.

WALTER R. BROOKS.

Music

Notable New Recordings

BY THROWING its correspondence columns open to letters on what the general public thought of the new long-playing Victor records, *Disques*, that admirable house organ of a Philadelphia record store, has found that the overwhelming majority of customers think it a pity that the new disks should have been prematurely placed on the market. Nobody seems quite satisfied with more than one or two of the recordings, and the machines are considered too high priced. The gear shift originally announced for existent machines, to be sold at about ten dollars, has been abandoned and Victor now promises one at $25. My advice is still to be cautious, although if you're buying a new expensive machine anyway, you might as well get one equipped for long playing. A satisfactory lengthy record will undoubtedly appear, but there is as yet no need to go in for what is so far available unless money is no object and you can't keep from experimenting.

Speaking of money, I can't imagine why Victor thinks a single disk of Gigli singing *Occhi Turchini* and the *Drinking Song* from *Cavalleria Rusticana*[1] is worth $2.50 of anybody's money these days. When I recommended it some time back, I didn't know how much it was supposed to sell for.

A really beautiful importation is the French Columbia records of Mozart's *Trio No. 3 in E Major*, as played by the *Trio de la Cour de Belgique*[2]. The recording is flawless and the playing in the finest taste and of the greatest skill.

Notable only because it is so sloppily played and recorded is Rachmaninoff's *Piano Concerto No. 3 in D Minor*[3], with Vladimir Horowitz at the piano and Albert Coates conducting the London Symphony Orchestra. Without his powerful personality to hypnotize one, Horowitz's many false notes are all too apparent. The old ladies may faint with joy when they see *him* play, but I predict no enthusiasm for this set even if Victor brings it out over here with the utmost ballyhoo.

The most amusing number from *Schwanda*, currently being performed at the Metropolitan, is the *Polka*, as danced in Hell. A good recording of this Weinberger piece is available at the importers' —played by the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by von Zemlinsky. The reverse is an interesting pair of old Bohemian dances arranged by Janacek, with Kleiber leading the same orchestra[4].

O. C.-T.

1. Victor 8222.
2. French Columbia LFX 148/9.
3. H. M. V. DB1486/90.
4. Ultraphon E 938.

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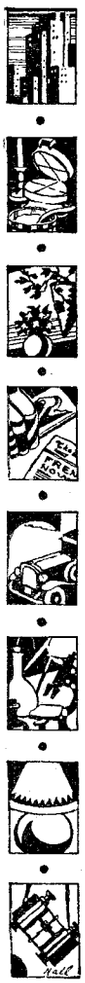
Ivory, Apes and Peacocks

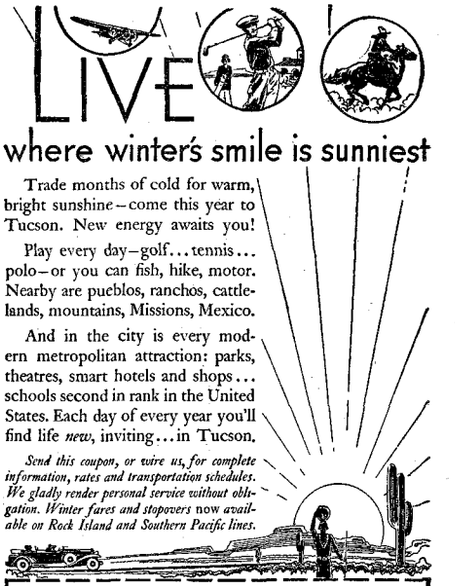


IT DOES not seem likely that a majority of the readers of this page are sufficiently passionate about fishing to be greatly interested in the electric worm digger. But we have considered this little machine carefully, and we believe that one need not necessarily be a fisherman to find it interesting. For as a hobby, worm digging presents many attractive sides. It is—once you are over the initial cost—inexpensive; it is healthy, being carried on in the open air; the constant stooping to pick up the worms is excellent exercise, particularly for those who wish to reduce the circumference of what Graham MacNamee so nice-nellily calls the mid-section; and in the worm season it can be quite profitable. In fact, many amateurs who have taken it up as a hobby have ended by abandoning their former occupations entirely and going into the worm business in a serious way. For most fishermen dislike to dig their bait before starting out, and if there is a worm store handy, they will patronize it rather than spend half an hour with a spade and a cigar box in the garden. Even out of the fishing season there is a demand for worms, for nowadays most owners of goldfish have been made worm-conscious. They buy them, we understand, chopped. Doubtless some method of canning or preserving them could be devised so that it could be made a year-round proposition.—But we must describe the digger. You plug it into the light socket in the kitchen or the garage, and then carry it out to a likely piece of ground, jab it down into the earth and turn on the current. It apparently sends out vibrations which act on the worms' nervous system much as the clang of a fire engine acts on the human brain. In a few minutes all the worms in the neighborhood have rushed out on top of the ground to see what is going on, and all you have to do is capture them before they realize that it's a false alarm. Of course if you're a dry fly fisherman this won't help you much.

ONE of the things you need never send us as a present is one of those walking machines—called, we believe, the Walker—which are like small treadmills, and on which one can walk a mile or two—or a hundred for all we care—without leaving the house. Yet some people like them. We saw a testimonial from a clergyman. "Before purchasing it," he says, "I used to try to take my walks down the street. But of course I had to go dressed up (often uncomfortably so). And then my friends were always wanting to 'pick me up' and ride me, and to refuse or explain was embarrassing. Now, having the Walker right in my room I just take a walk any time of the day or night I want to, dressed as I please." This man, we think, would be happier in jail. Any one who finds it embarrassing to explain that he's out taking a walk must find it just as embarrassing to explain why he's alive, must blush shamefully when forced to confess that he eats three meals a day, and must be thrown into convulsions of shyness when asked that dreadfully searching question, How do you do? For such timid people, perhaps this exerciser is just the thing. An hour on the Walker would be much less trying than a real walk through the woods, for instance, where one is continually stared out of countenance by squirrels and chickadees, menaced by the very immobility of the trees, and subject to chance encounters with who knows what sinister wayfarers. The illusion of the woods could be brought into the study by simply carrying along, when one climbed aboard the contraption, a package of picture post cards showing woodland scenes, which one could scan as one plodded. Or one could greatly heighten the illusion by tying to one's head a stereoscope in which a woodland scene was fixed, thus bringing actually before one's eyes a three-dimensional landscape, thus penetrating an enchanted forest from which one could never escape by walking, but which could instantly be made to vanish. Personally, if we wanted to take exercise without going outdoors, we'd climb up and down the stairs. It's cheaper and just as healthy.

AEOLIAN now has a remote control player piano. You can lie in your bed and by punching the proper button, Paderewski, in the next room, will play your favorite selection. We can think of nothing pleasanter for wakeful nights, though whether the neighbors would get an æsthetic kick out of the strains of Debussy at 4 A. M. is another matter. Bulova has a new automatic clock radio, too, which being properly set, will wake you in the morning with any radio program that you have selected the night before. Then you don't have to watch the clock yourself, for you can be sure it will do its duty when the time comes.

WALTER R. BROOKS.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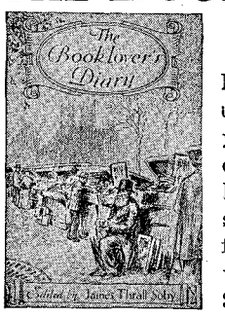

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For the best Remarkable Remarks contributed by Outlook readers the Outlook will award weekly prizes of $5 for the one judged best, and $2 each for as many more as may be adjudged worthy of inclusion in the column.

Entries for each week's contest close at 12 o'clock noon on the Monday of the week preceding date of publication.

All Remarkable Remarks must be direct quotations and must be accompanied by evidence of their source. If the Remarkable Remark selected by any contributor has appeared in the press, it must be accompanied by clipped evidence, showing the author of the remark and the name and date of the publication in which it appeared. If the Remarkable Remark has appeared in a book, the title of the book and the name of its author, together with the number of the page upon which the Remarkable Remark is to be found, must be submitted.

All Remarkable Remarks must be accompanied by a single sentence explaining why the contributor considers the contributed remark remarkable.

In case two or more contributors submit the same Remarkable Remark which is judged worthy of any prize, the contributor whose Remarkable Remark is accompanied by the best—briefest and wittiest—explanatory sentence will be awarded the prize.

The editors of the Outlook are the sole judges of the contest and are ineligible to compete. All contributions should be sent to the Remarkable Remarks Editor.

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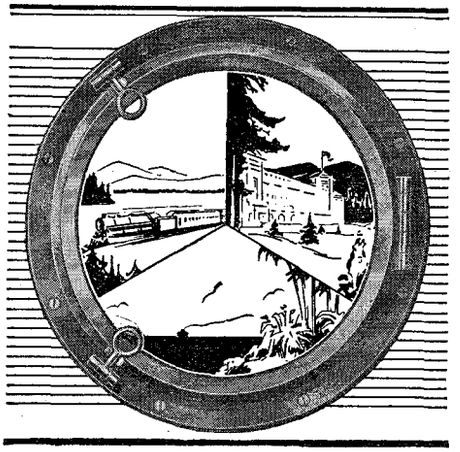
TRAVEL SUGGESTIONS AND INFORMATION FOR OUTLOOK READERS



West Indies Cruises

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From the Life

"If She Had the Family—"

SHE was the best mouser in the Animal House of a renowned university, and the other cats had to make the best of it. They slouched past her, shifting their green eyes insensitively and hunching their shoulders and knowing no way to humble her. "If she had the family I have—" they were fond of grumbling to each other without finishing the sentence. Or, "she has a bloodthirsty nature," they would declare virtuously among themselves. "Personally, I'd rather have a little love and affection in life than kill a thousand mice. And what *time* have you for killing *mice*—" they would ask.

It was true; the Empress had little time for love or affection. Admiration she accepted as carelessly as breath. But where a lesser cat would rear its haunches and close its eyes, leaning against the casual affection of a human hand, the Empress slightly withdrew herself and sniffed. She saved the slow pound of emotion for the chase, for fearful scurrying mice; but above all for rats. It was as a smeller-out and destroyer of rats that she knew her fiercest joy.

As the air currents of the building circled and shifted about her head she would fix her luminous yellow eyes on space, and listen. The tip of her sensitive nose would tremble suddenly; she would rise softly to her padded feet. She would move lazily toward a doorway—in her heart a strange wind rising, coiling like a tornado, compressed and curbed. Her eyes blown into two flames, her muscles tightened into steel, on a lightning flash of precision—on a sudden surge of lust and exultancy—she would spring to kill.

She never condescended to the ways of playful cats. She hunted for savagery, not for amusement; and the rat was doomed from the beginning.

When her kittens arrived she was astounded. She arched her tigerish head above them and bending, washed them violently. She rose, so recently exhausted, to her feet and walked around the strange little creatures, sniffing. Finally she threw herself upon her side, watching them as they mewed and struggled closer and closer, pressing against her body for food. It was new and it was outrageous. That she should be called upon for this! She began doubtfully to wash them again, struggling with her own sensations. She would do nothing hastily, she decided. She would give up only gradually to this delicious and luxurious emotion—And so she was no more than beginning to give up when the kittens died, victims of the experimenting gods.

The Empress who had inflicted death magnificently upon her hundreds was stunned—What had happened? She had seen nothing. No beast had been near them. Only the small creatures at her surrendering breasts had gradually become still, had turned cold. She struggled to warm them, covering them with her body, beginning to give up to fear.

One of the gods came finally and lifted them into his hands. She followed him trustfully down the corridor—as far as the door that closed in front of her. Here she waited, standing anxiously at first, then sitting patiently upon her haunches. When he came out long afterward, she trotted hopefully at his heels to the great front door of the building. But it banged after him. Now she was alone.

She lifted her head and gazed at the silent door. Then her voice made a strange sound. She listened. She had never heard that sound from her own throat before. There was a dreadful comfort in it. It sounded as though there would surely be an answer somewhere. But the door stayed silent. So she turned slowly back along the corridor.

On her dazed progress up the corridor she passed two other cats and stopped and looked at them attentively. She opened her mouth but it made no sound, only opened and closed while her yellow eyes asked a question of their green ones. But they only stared in uncomfortable disdain at the wall above her head.

Further on, as she made the turn behind the cellar stairs, she stopped suddenly and listened. Her nose twitched. Her eyes became intelligent and fixed. The air stirring faintly about her head was unmistakable. She moved forward softly, intently—she sprang like a golden arrow; and landed on her cushioned feet beside a nest of baby rats.

There was a dreadful agony in her breast that tore at her throat and paralyzed her jaws while she stood stiffly and stared at the rats. She managed to open her mouth slightly, only slightly, and the strange sound came out. She listened, after the cry that must be answered, that was never answered. And feebly a baby rat lifted its head and squeaked.

At last she threw herself upon her side again, curving her paws around the little struggling creatures, and with her eyes half closed began to wash her babies.

IBBY HALL.

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The New Movies

(Continued from Page 23)

from the novel by Richard Voss, of which I understand 1,000,000 copies have been sold in Germany alone. The drama comes when a vigorous and joyous young Tyrol lad is forced to enter the priesthood to satisfy his mother's vows. He is in love with a blooming mountain maiden, but the devout mother has her way and he goes into the Church. The leading parts are played by Gustav Froelich and Charlotte Susa. *Zwei Menschen* is beautifully directed and perfectly acted.

▶▶Other New Films

Makers of Men is the second movie to suggest that football is not all it should be. Jack Holt is the football coach and Richard Cromwell is his frail and non-athletic son. The boy doesn't like football and says so, but his father keeps telling that he is "yellow" and hasn't any "guts," forcing him to play. The argument goes to pieces when the boy makes a winning touchdown in the final play in the usual Hollywood manner.

West of Broadway is something with John Gilbert, Lois Moran and Madge Evans. Due to an impossible story and dialogue it is pretty terrible. Seeing Mr. Gilbert across the room with a not-nice girl, poor Miss Moran is made to say, "It's too bad—Jerry's going the pace!"

Husband's Holiday comes from Ernest Pascal's novel, *The Marriage Bed*, and very much resembles a sort of elaborated Dorothy Dix discussion. In this case the lady overlooks her husband's error and takes him back. Clive Brook appears as the husband and Vivienne Osborne and Juliette Compton as the wife and the other girl. I must protest at continually seeing Mr. Brook in such wooden parts. He is one of the few really first-rate men on the screen.

▶▶Annual Report

During the past year we have had fifteen films with *woman* somewhere in the title, as many more with *love*, and five with *sin*, to say nothing of *Transgression*, *Indiscreet*, *Illicit*, *Surrender*, *Bought*, *Dishonored*, *Compromised* and *Possessed*. Also we have had about eight movie titles including that frantically exciting word *hell*.

Our travelogue explainers have continued to smear their pictures of distant places with a syrupy stuff consisting of such phrases as: *weave magic spells*, *mystic*, *mysterious*, *glamorous*, *weird*, *breath-taking*, *snow-capped* and *dark continent*.

Our dialogue writers have stuck pretty safely, as a rule, to *won't you—ah—sit down; I didn't expect to find* you *here; I'll break every bone in your body; but I thought* you *were different; I was never more sincere (or insulted) in all my life*; and, of course, *this is the happiest moment in my life*.

CREIGHTON PEET.

Through a Glass Darkly

From the Trend of the Week in the Outlook of January 9, 1952

"We have had plenty of time to learn that Moscow is the capital of Russia," says an editorial in the January, 1952, issue of the *Geographic Review*, "but the public at large does not seem to be accustomed to the fact that Delhi is the capital of Britannia, Algiers the capital of France, and Harbin of Japan."

The National Bones Manufacturers' Association was accused last week by the *Sports Magazine* of having instigated the six-weeks' tournament staged—with all the most modern publicity devices—between Dr. Glass (who has always championed the *rolling* system) and Crapperson (the most conspicuous advocate of the *galloping* system).

"It is up to the automotive engineers to find a way to eliminate carbon monoxide fumes from exhausts," remarked the president of the Associated Garden Clubs of America. "Our cities could then dispense with the synthetic lawns and scenery trees and shrubs that now render our city parks ridiculous."

The FLORIDA SPECIAL

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Deb—"It was, but I changed it to noon, because the 'Florida Special' has a new schedule, leaving New York at 3.30 P. M. and arriving at Palm Beach in time for dinner the next evening."

Friend—"There are other trains."

Deb—"Not for me. The 'Florida Special' was grandmother's honeymoon train 44 years ago. The family tradition must be kept up."

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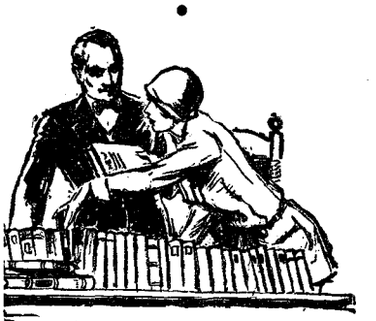

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Why Grand Opera Is Dying

(Continued from Page 18)

as the so-called "repertoire" operas are concerned. They have time to do little more than see that principals and chorus make their proper entrances and exits. New works and restudied "revivals" give some measure of what can be accomplished with adequate rehearsals and prove the point I am making.

The extra call on the energy and time of the leading and secondary singers would require more rehearsals and proper dramatic direction and therefore would require also a larger company of singers and greater expense. It would mean more "casting for type." One can do with a little less beauty and freshness of voice in a Romeo if one gets illusion and grace in their place. So much for the leading singers. The secondary singers are, as a rule, "principal" sopranos, tenors, baritones, etc., who have either failed to make the grade or are superannuated and, again with rare exceptions, have even less acting ability than the leading singers. Their ostensible reason for being is that they have acquired a large repertoire of minor parts which saves a lot of wear and tear on the assistant conductors, whose duty it is to prepare these singers in their rôles.

Here is the chance par excellence for the young native beginner about whose hardships so many sob stories have been written. Keep the talented veteran minor singers who can deliver, get rid of the others, and in their place engage native beginners and give them real dramatic and musical training. Some twenty-odd years ago Conreid created the "Opera School" along these very lines and many a singer, yes, and actress, of accomplishment can thank him for a start. Added expense? Yes! but we are coming to that shortly.

As to the chorus, to rehearse and direct its action properly, it would probably be necessary to double its size and work it in shifts, and there you are adding what business men call an "overhead" of some considerable proportions, unless, as is within the bounds of possibility, the number of operas produced in a season was materially reduced. The Metropolitan gives the most extensive repertoire of any opera house in the world, based on the premise that the American public demands it. Perhaps fewer operas repeated oftener, and better performances, might not have a detrimental effect on the box office, and might prove the premise false.

And now for the third and last. The new order of things would mean a deficit, or a greater deficit, wherever the truth may lie—well, what of it? Surely the richest city in the richest country can find a group of wealthy men who are willing to subsidize their opera company as is done in every other city in the world where opera is heard, and, in order to give new life and a growing appeal, to abandon the "break-even" policy it is said to have enjoyed for years.

We have come to the parting of the ways. Something must be done to rekindle the interest and fervor that we knew in our youth, unless another influence for culture, another glimpse of beauty, is to go out of our lives. Opera is drama with, as it were, a fourth dimension, music, added to cast a spell no other art form can command. Those in control of its destinies bear a heavy responsibility to do everything in their power to rekindle public interest and enthusiasm, to bring life and vitality to the lyric stage, and in so doing relight the creative fire that seems to be burning perilously low. That an art which can summon beauty of such glamour and appeal should wither and die of neglect seems unbelievable. Yet the handwriting is on the wall and it behooves those in command to pause and give thought.

Mighty Like a Giant

(Continued from Page 12)

forceful defense of A. B. Banks, president and director of the far-spread Arkansas bank chain which sank into oblivion early in the depression, bringing failure to at least fifty member banks and temporary strain upon the entire state. Mr. Banks, left destitute at sixty, was charged with being an accessory in accepting deposits in closed banks. Few lawyers wanted to undertake the defense because the aged executive had become overnight the most unpopular man in Arkansas. Moreover, a prosecution was seeking to build reputation upon his conviction.

Joe Robinson arrived on the scene and volunteered to serve as senior defense counsel, letting it be known that he took the move because of friendship and not for compensation in fee. His defense made against hard odds in prejudice and fierce commercial interests, was not entirely successful. The defendant received a suspended sentence of one year in the penitentiary. But Robinson's defense is cited by his friends as one of the most forceful ever made in an Arkansas court. The Senator played his ticklish rôle with dignity and precision. Not even the eagle eyes of Little Rock's newspaper reporters could discern ulterior motive. The writer, although he hates to part with his money just as we all do, is ready to bet at least a dime that

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there isn't another office-holder in Arkansas, or for that matter mighty few congressmen, who would have deliberately hove into so tricky a narrow.

Considerable water has flowed under the bridge since Joseph T. Robinson took to politics. For thirty-six continuous years he has held office without a single failure to carry a handy majority of his home constituency, in all a most remarkable record, a national record of which this Andrea del Sarto of politics is justly proud.

He carries his years lightly. On first meeting one would probably underestimate his age by at least ten years. He is clear-eyed and firmly muscled. He plays a good game of golf and is proud of it. Journalists craving a lengthy interview have a way of adroitly questioning his golfing assets, of intimating that they could beat the tar out of him even with a lame arm and a sprained ankle. They rarely ever do, but more often than not the Arkansan falls for the bait and, while he is vindicating his game, the clever typewriter-pounder interviews him to heart's content.

Joe Robinson is a confirmed hunter and fisherman. He claims to have fished in all the important rivers on the American continent, not to mention the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. He has hunted in various parts of the world. He claims the grouse-shooting championship of Scotland. A prolonged duck hunt has become an annual ritual with him. North Carolina is usually the favored spot, but he sometimes drifts farther south in quest of the carefree mallard.

His office down in the Senate building has the various accoutrements of an old-time Southern law-office, the black plush upholsterings, the generous-sized spittoons, a fireplace that actually has fire in it.

Joe Robinson shows none of the brandings of disillusionment. He holds resolute confidence in the future of American politics and government and he believes that the Democratic party is going to flash a winning hand—this very year.

Exclusion and Deportation

(Continued from Page 16)

mons from the immigration authorities to return to Germany. She had to leave her husband; the old man was sent back to the poor farm.

The Wickersham Board investigated deportation, by proxy. Its report, which two members would not sign, is that of Reuben Oppenheimer, an attorney. It has some very good features; but the newspapers seized upon the sensational statement that, "the apprehension and examination of supposed aliens are often characterized by methods unconstitutional, tyrannic and oppressive"—which is not borne out by the body of the report.

As Judge Mackintosh of the board points out, Mr. Oppenheimer's attitude is legalistic and his indictment "of a purely administrative branch of the government" is "based in large measure upon the failure to follow usual judicial procedure." Mr. Oppenheimer suggests a Board of Review, with judicial functions, outside the Department of Labor. This would cause conflicts of authority and obstruct enforcement. There is already such a board, admittedly fair, within the department.

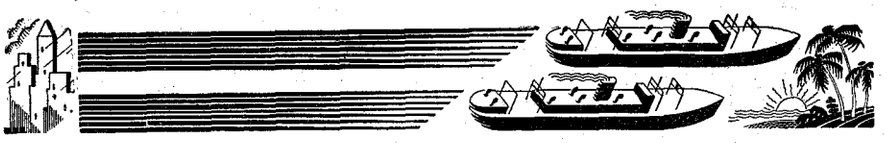
Deportation is fought not only by friends of freedom, Eastern philanthropists, alien politicians and Western fruit growers, but also by the officials of some of our own sovereign states. Frequently deportable aliens are released on parole. Then if the state still claims jurisdiction they cannot be deported until the end of the nominal term. By that time they may have disappeared. If a pardon is granted, the Federal authorities can usually do nothing.

In June, 1931, Governor Roosevelt of New York issued a "conditional pardon" to a deportable alien, Philip Paone, for the specific purpose of preventing his deportation. The Board of Review of the Labor Department held that a pardon granted solely for this purpose should not effect it, and recommended that deportation proceedings continue. Governor Roosevelt's indignation at this "narrow, legalistic decision of the Federal Board" is impressive. He states his reasons at length. But further light is thrown on the matter by the case of one "Butch" Lenci, pardoned by Governor Rolph of California for the purpose of keeping this valued resident in the United States. It was alleged in San Francisco papers, without question, I think, that Lenci had been a vendor of narcotics and a bootlegger and had twice been sentenced, once for burglary. Is it strange that the board is "narrow and legalistic"?

An especially undesirable class of illegal entrants are radicals from Russia. But none of these can be deported—a ridiculous situation. The suggestion is made that, in such cases, the deportable be given his choice between leaving voluntarily for whatever country he chooses or being segregated in some remote spot that the United States chooses.

"A penal colony!" you exclaim. "Un-American! Czaristic!"

But the peculiarity of this Botany Bay would be that no one would have to go there.



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